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Alice
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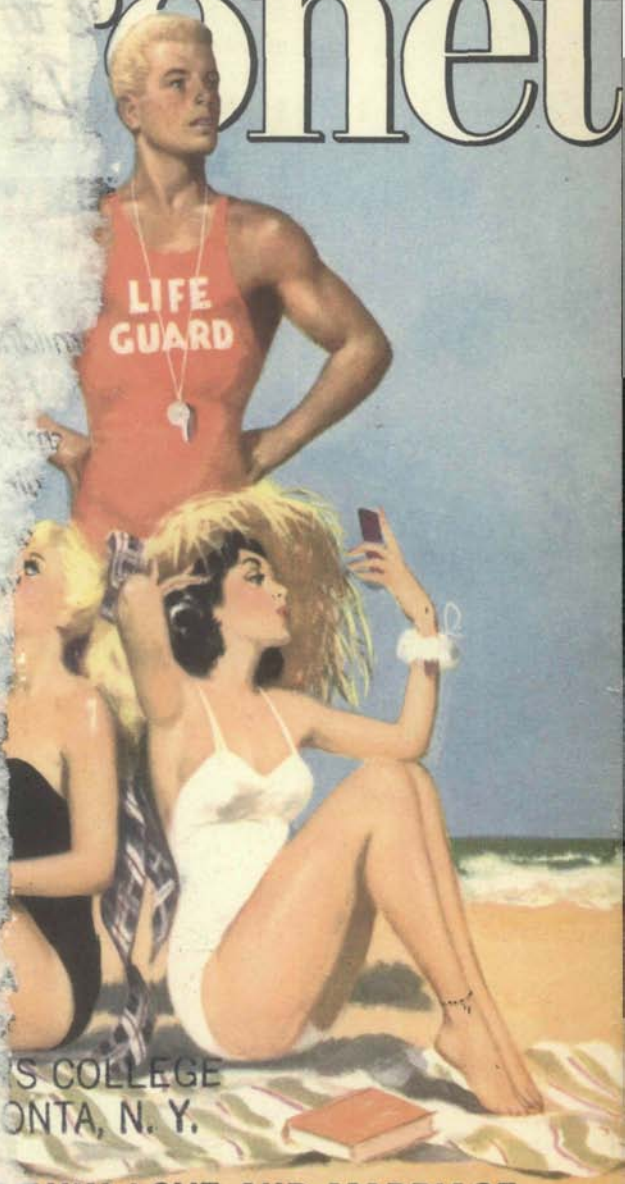

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LOOK WHAT THE AMAZING Saladmaster will do for you—peels and chops a big onion in 2 seconds—makes 1 gallon of cole slaw in 1 minute—fills your largest fry pan with french fries in 30 seconds! Prepares food 200 ways . . . luscious salads—cuts paper thin potato chips—shoestrings and french fries—shreds cocoanut—peels celery and apples—baby foods—health foods and juices. YOU'LL THRILL TO ITS AMAZING SPEED AND EASE OF OPERATION! SAFE ENOUGH FOR A CHILD TO USE!

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Completely chrome-plated. Mirror-like finish gives everlasting beauty. Easy to clean—stainless, *acid and rust proof.* Cutting cones guaranteed NOT to dull, rust or stain. COMPLETE WITH 5 CUTTING CONES, RECIPES AND INSTRUCTIONS. ONLY $29.95 in Continental United States. In Canada, $34.95; Hawaii, $39.95; Mexico, 360 pesos. POSTAGE PAID IF CHECK SENT WITH ORDER.

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How we retired in 15 years with $250 a month

Just fifteen years ago I made up my mind that I'd retire. Thanks to that step in 1935, I'm picking oranges in my own Florida backyard today. With $250 a month, guaranteed for life, plus social security benefits we'll be getting soon, Helen and I are *living.*

Back in '35, we had salary cuts. But one friend at the office—Jim Morse—wasn't bothered. "I'm retiring anyway," he said, "selling the house and heading for Florida." How he could afford it I couldn't figure. He never made more than I did.

"The answer is simple," said Jim. "A fellow's got to look ahead. He won't always be able to keep plugging at his job. He shouldn't have to, either. With his family grown, he needs less."

"Yes, but how can you plan today?" I asked.

"There'll *always* be business ups and downs," said Jim, "but there's a modern way to insure yourself an income you can retire on. It's called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. I started mine fifteen years ago. Pretty soon, I'll be getting my first check and retiring."

He told me Phoenix Mutual had a booklet explaining all about its retirement income plans. So I dropped them a card. Reading the booklet, I knew *this was for me!* Soon I qualified for a Phoenix Mutual Plan of my own.

Since then I've looked forward to what Helen and I are doing today—living our own life with a monthly check for $250 and no clock to punch. Fifteen years go fast—when there's a carefree future ahead!

Send for Free Booklet. This story is typical. Assuming you start at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of $10 to $250 a month or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail and without charge, a booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women—and for employee pension programs. Don't put it off. Send for your copy now.

ESTABLISHED 1851

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PLAN FOR MEN

PLAN FOR WOMEN

Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co.
902 Elm Street, Hartford 15, Conn.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, the booklet checked below, describing retirement income plans.

Plan for Men ☐ Plan for Women ☐

Name__________________________

Date of Birth______________________

Business Address____________________

Home Address______________________

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BAD BREATH "Kissing Sweet" in Seconds

Delicious new chewing gum, rich in chlorophyll* banishes breath odors from such causes as Onions, Garlic, Smoking, Alcohol

Clorets chewing gum is rich in chlorophyll — that miraculous green purifier. CLORETS contain *3 to 4 times* more *true,* water soluble chlorophyll than other leading gum or mints. No wonder millions find CLORETS to be the most delicious, most effective way to make breath "Kissing Sweet".

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GUM
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**water soluble chlorophyll factors*

Coronet

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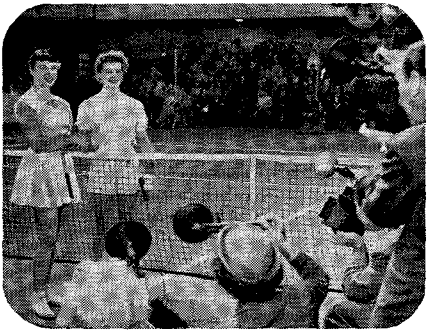
Coronet *Recommends . . .*

CARRIE

ONE OF THE classic American novels of this century—Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie*—has been faithfully and dramatically translated into a great motion picture by Paramount. With Laurence Olivier as the tragic Hurstwood and Jennifer Jones as Carrie, the story sweeps through its inevitable crises to a stark and provocative ending. For content, direction and performance, *Carrie* will be a leading Academy Award contender.



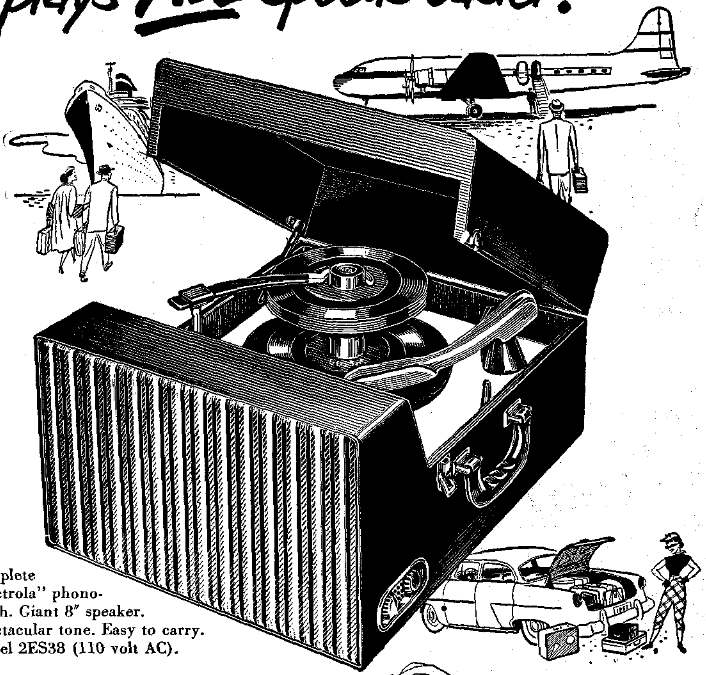
PAT AND MIKE

ONCE AGAIN, Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn pool their artful talent for comedy in a hilarious MGM story about a lady athlete. Under Mike's expert tutelage, Pat becomes queen of women golfers, tennis players and judo-ists. She puts sex appeal into baseball, track and archery. Delighted in the beginning, Mike soon comes to resent this submersion of his male ego, but in an uproarious finale, all problems are happily resolved.

WHAT PRICE GLORY?

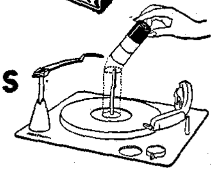
WITH THE STAGE presentation 28 years ago of *What Price Glory?* two names were added to the roster of fictional characters who seem, somehow, to come alive, and to live on and on: Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt. Now, with John Ford directing, and James Cagney and Dan Dailey giving new dimensions to these brawling, boisterous soldiers of World War I, 20th Century-Fox brings a vibrant new *What Price Glory?* to the screen.

New portable "Victrola" phonograph plays ALL speeds easier!



Complete "Victrola" phonograph. Giant 8″ speaker. Spectacular tone. Easy to carry. Model 2ES38 (110 volt AC).

The center is the secret



Here's the "Victrola" phonograph that plays all speeds right, *and* gives you all the advantages of "45"! No more clumsy inserts. With this new slip-on spindle, *both* large and small hole records are easy to play!

Stack on up to 14 distortion-free "45" records, ten 12″ or twelve 10″. Plays intermixed sizes in the same speed. Has automatic last record stop: *Also available* . . . these exciting new 3-speed "Victrola" instruments:

- compact attachment (2JS1)
- complete phonograph (2ES3)
- powerful radio-phonograph (2US7)

See and hear 'em all today . . . at your RCA Victor dealer's.

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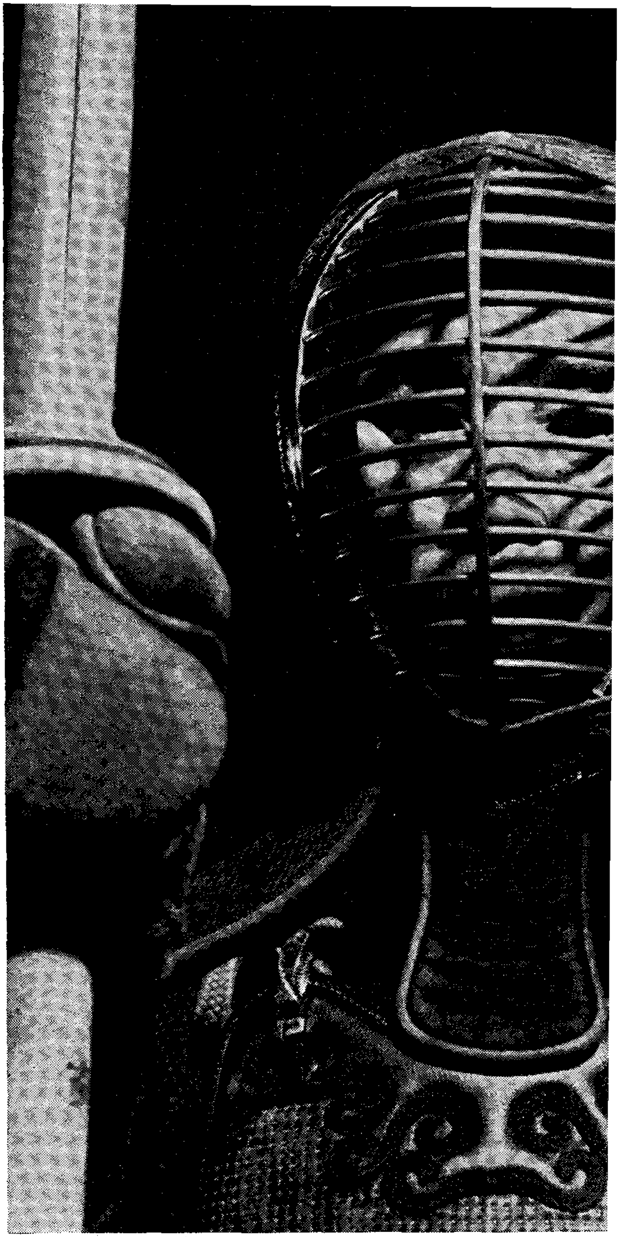
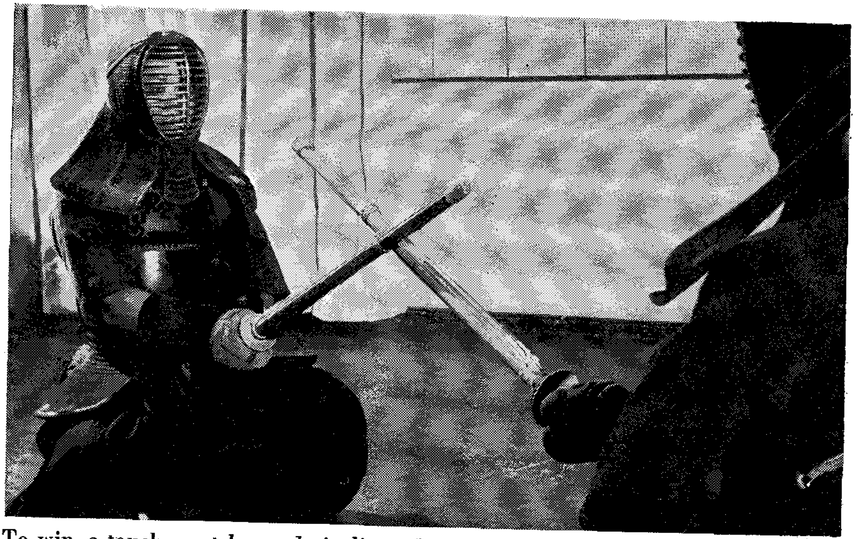
Tmks. ®

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA



Begun with a low bow, Kendo soon has duelists thwacking



To win, a touch must be made in limited areas at the throat, waist, head, or wrist

Mask and Muscle

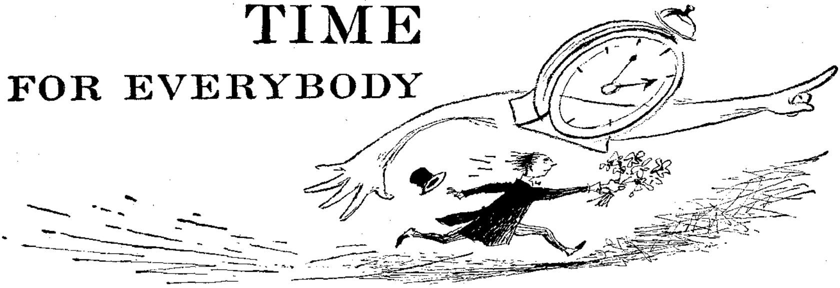
Torao Mori demonstrates the agility and grace needed by a Kendo expert.

TYPICAL OF JAPAN'S new spirit is the transition wrought in Kendo, a fencing duel that came to combine all the fanaticism of the militarists who inspired it. In prewar days, Kendo societies, formed to propagate the aggressive spirit, became a power unto themselves. Deviation from the iron code led to banishment and disgrace.

With peace, Kendo gradually lost its warlike overtones. Convinced that it could function in the new Japan as a pure sport, occupation authorities took it off their list of banned activities.

A leading figure in Kendo's revival is Torao Mori, once amateur champion. When he moved to Los Angeles, Mori taught it to members of the Japanese colony. "In the U. S.," he says, "Kendo will always remain a sport."

TIME FOR EVERYBODY



EVERY AMERICAN is a clock watcher. Father, rushing to the office, takes a last look at the time as he goes out the door. Children learn to dash for the school bus, or run home to check the clock and turn on television. Mother times her cooking, her washing and even her beautifying. "Clock watching," in this modern American sense, can be made pleasant and easy with the right timepiece in every room, in easy view of the people who use it.

Remember when there was only one clock in the house—the grandfather's clock standing ponderously in the hall or a corner of the parlor? Now the hall or living-room clock can fit any decorating scheme, has numerals large enough to be read from the door, and hangs on the wall at a convenient height.

In the bedroom, the clock is usually on the night table. Just be sure of two things—the time can be seen in the dark, and the base of the timepiece is broad enough to keep the thing from toppling over when you reach out blindly to turn off the alarm. There's even an alarm which will go off every day at the same time, without resetting. For those who really like to luxuriate, there are combination clock radios which wake them to gentle music, turn on the electric coffee maker, and do everything but murmur, "Breakfast is served, sir."

In the kitchen, a good clock properly placed can mean the difference between three-minute eggs and disaster. Be sure there is a sweep second hand, that the clock is placed where it can be seen easily, and that it is at eye level.

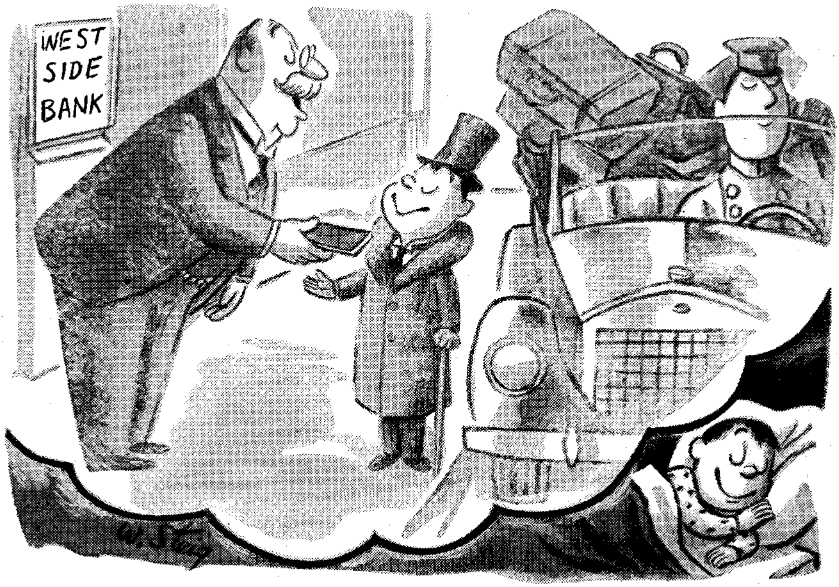
The men in the house have something to say about where clocks should be placed, too. What is more exasperating than to be told, "You'll have to stop working on that cabinet (or fishing rod or model plane) in half an hour and get ready for dinner," when there's no clock in the workshop? The moral is, keep a clock in the basement or garage. Get one with large numbers, and put it within easy sight, where it won't get jostled by bits of lumber, power tools or enthusiastic sawing.

Wherever a television set and children exist in the same household, there should be a special clock. This one should have the minutes and hours marked very clearly, and should be large enough not to confuse one who is just learning the difficult difference between a quarter to six and six-fifteen. Put it where it can be seen by the children when they are sitting down to avoid the incessant question, "Is it time to turn TV on yet?"

Children's rooms, too, should be fully equipped. There are cartoon characters whose arms are the hands of the clock, to stimulate interest. If a child has his own clock, he's less likely to need constant prodding about being late.

And, if there's a clock alongside the telephone, even teen-age conversations may be kept within reasonable limits. Phone bills will be kept down by accurate timing, and messages will be marked with the correct hour.

—ALICE COONEY



"And to insure the safety of your trip, Sir, here are your American Express Travelers Cheques."

Everybody's waking up to the fact that you can't lose money when you carry it in American Express Travelers Cheques. They're 100% safe—if they're lost or stolen you get a quick refund. And they're the *best-known,* most widely accepted cheques in the world—as spendable as cash *everywhere!*

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EXPRESS YOUR PREFERENCE FOR THE BEST!

Miniature Musicians

School orchestra members learn while performing for parents and friends.

That old bugaboo, practice, comes more easily when it is for a school concert.

A CHILDREN'S orchestra is like a sand lot baseball team: the players may err, but their unbridled zest compensates for professional shortcomings. Each youngster discovers a warm new world, and to each comes a feeling of genuine gain—and there is no thrill to match that.

Nearly every school has its own orchestra these days. Playing the scores composed and performed by masters of music are miniature musicians of all grades. Besides scales and solos, here they learn musical discipline and, from each other, those priceless ingredients of life as well as music—patience and understanding. Purists, perhaps, may look askance at a performance of a Haydn symphony by a group of gradeschoolers, but to these children, perfection is a poor substitute for participation.

Shyness onstage is usually quickly conquered by even the youngest musicians.

Get in shape for school with Skippies

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So light you'd think they'd *float* away. Yet so firm in dealing with unruly curves! *No heavy bones* in Skippies. Nothing to pinch, poke or bind. Formfit tailors 'em its own special way . . . to give you a whisper of control, a world of freedom. Girdles and panties in your length—a range of styles and elastics. All suds and dry in a flash. Choose your Skippies in a wardrobe for every daytime and date-time need. At your favorite store.

Girdles and Panties from $3.95. Skippies Foundations from $10.95.

P. S. You don't have to be a schoolgirl to wear Skippies. They're for slimsters of *all* ages!

THE FORMFIT COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK

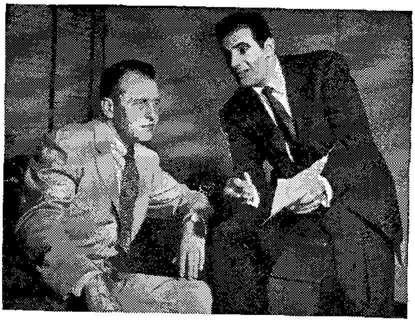
If you mean business in your job hunt, dress for business—simply, modestly.

HOW TO GET THAT JOB

"IF I COULD only get the job, I know I'd make good." This thought, representing the honest conviction of many a job-seeker, has been voiced more in frustration than in hope. Too often, the problem of getting hired has proved insuperable and, despite fine qualifications, has kept the right man or woman from the right job.

On these pages are pictured some of the commonest reasons why otherwise-promising applicants fail to get by that vitally important first interview. The results of a poor plan of self-salesmanship or just plain nervousness, they give a prospective employer a totally false picture and usually leave the candidate with the inevitable and bitterly disappointing words, "Well, we'll let you know if anything opens up here."

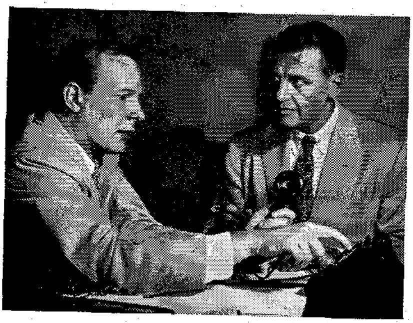
Posed by Ralph Bellamy, Carole Mathews, Mary Alice Moore, Tiger Andrews, Frank Marth, and Patricia Jenkins of the cast of *Man Against Crime*, CBS-TV



Don't oversell yourself by exaggerating your ability. Few companies are in the market for self-proclaimed big shots.

If you bring a friend to your interview, your employer may feel that you cannot competently handle the job by yourself.

An armful of packages makes it seem that your job hunting, sandwiched between shopping tours, is only incidental.

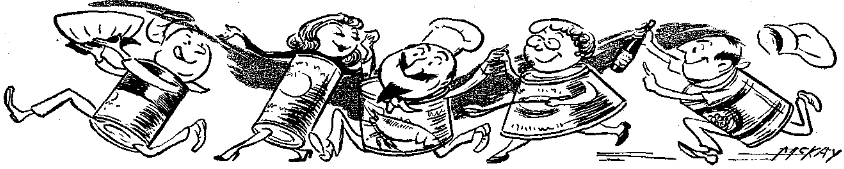


Unless the call you want to make is pertinent to the business at hand, don't ever ask to use your interviewer's telephone.

Constant fidgeting gives you the appearance of instability. Adequate preparation for an interview overcomes nervousness.

Chain-smoking will do nothing for your composure, and clouds of smoke in his face will not endear you to an employer.

GLAMOUR DISHES—QUICK!



In a hurry? Company for dinner? There's no need for panic. A can opener plus a few things from the pantry shelf can produce a quick and tasty meal. Even the husband who likes things cooked "mother's way" will be pleased with what his wife can whip up with canned foods, a few spices and a large helping of imagination.

Condensed tomato and green pea soup, diluted, combined and seasoned with a dash of curry powder, makes a beginning dish that even a French chef would be proud of. Italian minestrone appears as if by magic based on nothing more exotic than canned vegetable soup. To this, add a can of water or stock, a can of beans in tomato sauce and a few tablespoons of elbow macaroni. Simmer until the macaroni is cooked, dust with Parmesan cheese, and watch any hungry family gobble it up.

For a main dish, the ever-helpful shelf should have a supply of tomato soup, cream of mushroom soup and such stand-bys as lobster, beef stew, salmon, tuna fish and boned chicken. The variations are almost endless. Dilute the mushroom soup with a little cream and sherry, add a can of lobster, and heat gently. Serve on toast—and you have created that expensive, time-consuming dish, lobster á la Newburg. This works just as well with canned shrimp.

Salmon or tuna fish, in a slightly diluted mushroom soup, can be helped along with a can of green peas. Heat in a double boiler and serve on toast or over baked potato for a quick and hearty Sunday-night supper. The tuna fish gets added zip when it's heated with tomato soup and a dash of Worcestershire sauce, spread on toasted hamburger buns, and run under the broiler for the final touch.

To give canned stew that homemade taste, clean the can with a little red wine, add it and your favorite seasonings to the stew, and place it all in a casserole. Then cover everything with a pastry top made from a quick mix, let it sit in a moderate oven until the pastry is brown, and then serve.

For a party dish, how about chicken á la creme? Sounds fancy? It is—unless you have a can opener. All the modern housewife has to do is sauté an onion in butter until it is yellow. Then add a can of boned chicken cut into bite-sized pieces, half a cup of canned chicken consommé and a bay leaf.

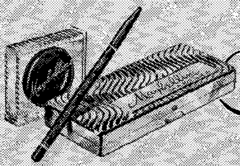
While this is simmering, add two tablespoons of condensed tomato soup, salt, pepper and a tablespoon of sherry. Let the flavors blend while a box of broad noodles is boiling for the base. Then, remove the chicken mixture from the fire, stir in slightly warmed sour cream until the sauce is a pleasing pink, and serve over the buttered noodles.

Desserts from a can need only the glamour of a pretty serving dish to add that "how did you do all this in such a short time?" look to your guests' faces. Canned applesauce gently mixed with whipped cream and cinnamon until it has a marble-y look, can chill in the refrigerator until serving time. When it is iced, bring it to the table in a sparkling glass bowl.

Pears, sprinkled with cinnamon and topped with tinted sour cream or whipped cream, are a nice ending to a hearty meal! —Carol Morton

SEE WHAT A DIFFERENCE MAYBELLINE MAKES

You'd hardly believe that the same face could become so beautiful, would you? Yet it takes only a few soft accents of Maybelline Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and creamy Eye Shadow to make that amazing difference. See how lovely you can look with



Maybelline

PREFERRED BY SMART WOMEN THE WORLD OVER

EYE SHADOW • EYEBROW PENCIL • MASCARA

"RAIN, RAIN GO AWAY..."

"WHAT'LL WE do *now?*" is the classic plaint of children on rainy days. It is also chorused by adults when rain comes during the family vacation away from home. If the children are underfoot, parents can't even read in peace—unless they have had the foresight to put a little family entertainment aside for the luckless rainy day.

The person who taught me this truth was a small, quiet woman. But I shall never forget her, for in the midst of a dreary, soggy day at a Minnesota lake resort, she and her family appeared to be having the time of their vacation!

Outside the cottages, mud was oozing; inside, disappointed swimmers and sun bathers were brooding, and getting on one another's nerves. But not inside the Allens' cottage.

When I dropped in out of the rain, I found Mrs. Allen and her seven-year-old daughter making their next Easter hats! Mr. Allen and ten-year-old Timmy were soap-carving favors for Timmy's next birthday party.

Scattered about the room were evidences of other group projects: the youngsters had done some finger-painting, now drying on the table; Mrs. Allen had taken some family group pictures, and someone had lipsticked silly faces on used flash bulbs; they had all apparently had a "picnic" lunch on the floor. One look and I knew that this day of family fun hadn't just "happened." Someone had planned it, and planned it well.

The someone, of course, was Mrs. Allen. Throughout the winter, she told me, she collects materials for rainy-day projects. An ideal collection, she has found, consists of:

One new part or craft kit which the children have never tried before. In this way the Allen children have been introduced to leather and raffia work, to string-knitting and finger-painting.

One father-son and one mother-daughter project, fun in themselves but also indirectly competitive. Like making hats and party favors, the best projects suggest sunnier days to come.

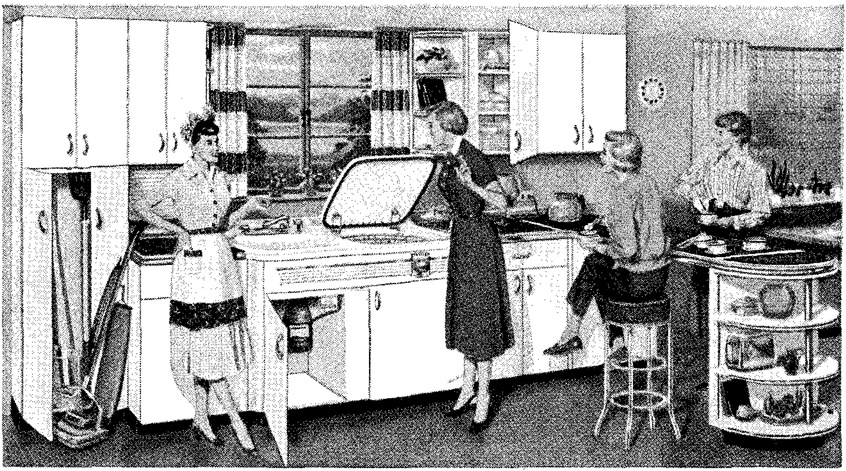
One new game for all, requiring no more elaborate equipment than wits, or pencil and paper.

One new card game or trick. Mr. Allen does a few simple tricks which he is gradually "persuaded" into teaching the children.

One "quiet" project for each person: surprise new books, post cards to write to special friends, anything private and promising.

At first Mr. Allen balked at squeezing an "unnecessary" box into the vacation luggage, but now he agrees that rainy-day "surprises" are as necessary to vacation packing as swim-suits and sneakers.

—JANE TUCKER



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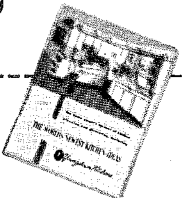

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Coronet Vol. 32, No. 4. August, 1952

The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading

Winning the War Against POLIO

by MADELYN WOOD

Good news for parents who fear the crucial summertime months

ONE OF THE most hopeful battles being waged today by medical science is that against infantile paralysis. Steadily, month by month, researchers are probing deeper and deeper into the mystery of polio's cause and into the ways to bring about its prevention and cure.

Here, in a simple but comprehensive summing up of progress in this battle, CORONET presents the 15 questions that will most often be asked by anxious parents this summer—and the answers as we know them today.

Do We Know What Causes Polio?

Though many people still believe that the cause of polio is a mystery, science now has a very good idea of what brings on the malady. It is caused by the attack of viruses which enter the body cells and injure nerves by consuming vital chemicals. And there is very little mystery today about what kinds of virus are responsible.

Recent discoveries by scientists at four universities, Utah, Southern California, Kansas and Pittsburgh, have enabled doctors to state with virtual certainty that there are only three types of polio virus, each of which has been isolated and identified by science. Thus medicine has taken a tremendous step toward finally defeating polio by determining exactly the nature of this crippling enemy.

Can Exercise or Active Play Bring on Infantile Paralysis?

Many parents worry that the normal strenuous play of children in the summertime can lead to polio, or increase its severity if it should strike. However, in a study made by Dr. Robert M. Albrecht and associates of the N. Y. Department of Health, the doctors concluded that "there is no indication in children that a severe outcome was due to activity shortly before the onset of illness." Although there is much evidence that *overfatigue* is a predisposing factor in polio attacks, normal play is safe enough.

Does Immunization for Diphtheria or Other Diseases Increase the Chance of Getting Polio?

This depends entirely on when the child is given the injections. Medicine has confirmed the fact that there is some connection between the severity of an attack of polio and certain immunization shots, but the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis says that "there is no evidence whatever that this effect of the injection lasts longer than one month."

Do We Know How Polio Spreads?

Dr. Albert Sabin, in a study aided by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, says: "Statements by public-health officers that 'poliomyelitis contagion is a mystery' or that 'the exact methods of transmission are unknown' are unjustifiable and contribute to poor morale and public hysteria."

Probably the average person pictures the air as filled with clouds of virus, capable of striking down a victim. Indeed, up to quite recently, medicine itself was not sure that this might not be the case. Recent work by Stanford University researchers who analyzed dust collected in homes where acute polio had occurred, convinced them that the virus does not stay alive long in the air "under ordinary indoor conditions."

They have concluded, in a National Foundation report, that . . . "the virus is most dangerous and is transmitted most readily while it is in the moist state; as by inhalation at close quarters of large wet droplets, by direct physical contact (lips, hands), by ingestion of contaminated food and drink, and by the use of contaminated eating and drinking utensils before drying."

Has Medicine Found a Way to Vaccinate Against Polio?

Research workers at Yale, Johns Hopkins and the Lederle Laboratories have made dramatic discoveries which may mean that at last medicine has found a way to immunize against polio.

Dr. Dorothy M. Horstmann, Assistant Professor of Preventive Medicine at Yale, carried out a series of experiments with chimpanzees and monkeys which paved the way for large-scale tests now being conducted with human beings. Feeding polio virus to the animals by mouth instead of by the usual injection directly into nerve tissues, Dr. Horstmann discovered that within four to six days, polio virus in high concentrations appeared in the blood. Yet the animals, though infected, showed no sign of damage to nerve tissues. Three to seven more days would pass before they became paralyzed.

Carrying on from this discovery, Dr. David Bodian of Johns Hopkins found that during the first stage, when polio viruses swarmed in the blood stream, they were susceptible to attack by antibodies. Tiny doses of a human blood fraction, gamma globulin, containing the antibodies, knocked out the viruses, and kept them from causing paralysis.

"From our tests," Dr. Bodian announced, "it would appear that paralytic poliomyelitis should be one of the most readily preventable diseases by the use of prophylactic immunization." Because the virus, during this stage of the disease when they are still in the blood stream, are so much more susceptible to the antibodies than medicine had supposed, Dr. Bodian is hopeful that very small amounts of antibodies will protect potential victims.

This summer, the National Foundation is spending $1,000,000 in control tests in several epidemic areas. By fall it is hoped that the Foundation can reach a definite conclusion as to the value of gamma globulin in preventing paralytic polio at least for a limited period.

If There Is a Form of Immunization That Might Work, Why Don't We Immunize Everybody Immediately?

Parents who sometimes feel medicine is being overly cautious about rushing to adopt various vaccines should be glad of this careful attitude. Medicine quite properly believes that it must make haste slowly to avoid any possibility of giving a vaccine which might transmit polio to a child who would otherwise escape it.

Medical researchers caution that the matter of giving a vaccine is not as simple as people think, and that it will have to remain at a laboratory level for a long time.

In the case of the gamma globulin injections, there is still uncertainty, but virtually no danger of bad consequences. However, there is a great shortage of antibody-containing gamma globulin, and even if this summer's tests prove it to be effective, there is simply not enough to immunize all those exposed to polio. What medicine needs is a means of detecting those who are already immune to the disease, which would make it possible to give the serum only to those really needing it for protection.

Are Some People Naturally Immune to Polio?

Fascinating studies by researchers indicate that no one is immune to polio, in the sense that he is born with complete immunity and keeps it throughout his lifetime. What happens is that the body, as it is exposed to polio virus, produces antibodies which neutralize its effect. Nature has provided a marvelous mechanism for keeping a supply of these antibodies in the system long after exposure to the virus.

Yale University School of Medicine recently went to work to study the polio-fighting antibodies of Eskimos in the North Alaskan communities of Barrow and Wainwright. Serum from Eskimos was sent by plane to the testing laboratory at Yale, where doctors studied it for the presence of polio antibodies. Surprisingly, few young people under 20 had the protective antibodies, but nearly all adults over 20 did.

Checking over the medical history of the communities, the doctors found that in 1930, there had been an epidemic of polio. Contact with the virus at that time had triggered the antibody-producing mechanism, and the systems of these exposed Eskimos had been turning them out ever since.

Are Babies Immune to Polio?

Babies under six months of age may not be wholly immune, but they are better protected against polio than older children because they have as many antibodies in their blood as their mothers, and because they are seldom exposed to the virus. The inherited antibodies may last six months to two years. During the following several years, the child gradually builds up its own protective antibodies, in response to greater exposure to the disease.

Can Diet Prevent Polio?

Scientists are trying hard to discover if there is a connection between diet and polio. While they cannot yet tell you what to eat to avoid it, they are beginning to hope that diet may possibly provide a future weapon against the disease.

The trick is to block certain enzymes being used by the polio virus without endangering the host. Scientists don't know if they will ever find a way to accomplish this through changes in diet. However, at the University of Wisconsin, nutritionists have discovered that by depriving mice of the protein-building block, tryptophan, and feeding them a closely related chemical, they can greatly increase resistance to the disease.

Can Medicine Reduce the Pain of Polio Victims?

Definitely. While formerly the lessening of pain was always accomplished by the continued application of hot packs—a cumbersome process requiring much of the nurses' time—the pain is now sometimes stopped by harmless drugs.

A major development is the use of one called "Priscoline." Though it does not cure polio, its effects have been very encouraging. Often within half an hour of being given Priscoline, the patient begins to respond. Priscoline also has the happy effect of relieving symptoms and shortening the stay in the hospital.

Are There Drugs Which Can Fight the Effects of Polio?

Medicine is able to report encouraging news that may transform the whole battle against polio. Last winter, Dr. Alvin C. Schopp, of St. Louis University and St. Anthony's Hospital, decided to try a drug called "Pyromen" on his daughter, Shirley Ann, who had been stricken with polio months before.

Giving her small doses to begin with, he was delighted to observe a definite improvement within two weeks. Since then, Dr. Schopp reports: "Shirley has steadily improved. She could barely move her legs before, now she runs around. She has only one slight muscle weakness in her left leg, and that's improving."

The remarkable results in the case of Shirley Ann led Dr. Schopp and his associates to try treating other patients with polio in an acute form. The drug appeared to create a special reaction of its own, with muscular cramps and fever. However, usually within three days, the patients showed striking improvement, and generally got well much faster than did those who had not received Pyromen. Though Pyromen is definitely *not* a cure for polio, and still is regarded as highly experimental, it may well be another dramatic step toward helping the few victims which nature singles out to suffer the most severe effects.

Does Paralysis Usually Result From Polio?

This is a false concept that has contributed to hysteria. In the recognized cases—which represent only a small percentage of the total—only about one-half the victims will be affected by any form of paralysis. Half of these will recover with no, or only slight, aftereffects. Only 17 percent will be permanently affected, and most of these can be helped by the many new methods of treatment.

Is a Polio Victim Whose Muscles Are Damaged Doomed to Permanent Disability?

Decidedly not. Of course, if nerve cells are destroyed, the muscles which they control can never function normally again. Yet an increasingly large number of victims whose cases might have seemed hopeless a few years ago are being restored to almost complete health. Some regain the use of their limbs by exercises to strengthen the muscles. However, in cases where the muscles are severely damaged, a dramatic surgical development offers great hope.

Doctors have discovered that it is possible to transplant good muscle tissue, which grows into place and takes over the job of the damaged fibers. Though these replaced muscles can never restore completely normal functioning, they do give stability to weakened limbs.

After a Patient's Recovery, Can Doctors Be Sure That No Permanent Damage to His Muscles Has Resulted?

Until recently, determining whether damage to the muscle had occurred was a difficult task. A new development promises to make it simple and certain. Dr. Willis Beasley of the U. S. Public Health Service, under a grant from the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, has developed a device called the myodynemeter, which makes electrical recordings of muscle strength at 34 points on each side of the patient's body. It helps doctors locate the exact point of muscle trouble.

In one case, the muscles in a patient's foot seemed damaged; the myodynemeter showed that these were uninjured. The trouble was in the hip. Used with a table worked out by Dr. Beasley in studies of children in Bethesda, Maryland, the device promises swift treatment once the extent of a disability has been determined. Many skilled therapists can make equally accurate observations, but the machine is faster and more objective.

Can Anything Be Done for the Patient Who is Left with One Leg Shorter Than the Other?

Yes. In many cases, differences of leg length of several inches can be corrected. In one operation, the growing ends of the long bones of the unaffected leg are operated on in such a way that growth in this leg is slowed down until the shorter leg catches up.

A form of this operation, developed by Dr. Walter P. Blount of Milwaukee, uses staples to hold back the epiphyseal plate, where growth takes place. As soon as the legs become equalized in length, the doctor removes the staples and the leg continues its normal growth.

Apt Association

ONE OF OUR favorite stories concerns an admirable little horticultural volume, *The Grafter's Handbook*, which by some strange (or perhaps not so strange) mischance got into the current Oxford University Press catalog under the general heading, "Government."

—*Quote*

Add Golden Hours to Your Day

by **Edwin Diehl**

Five simple steps to make your job go easier and faster

EVERYBODY STRUGGLES with the problem of using his time to the best advantage. Few win. One of the commonest phrases in our language has become: "If I only had the time . . . ."

Certainly, the 24-hour day is all too short for most of us. But even a Congressional act can't make it longer. What's the answer? To work harder? To work faster?

No. The best way to save time and increase production is to make every job simpler and easier. In recent years a hundred specialists in the field have been putting the principle to work on behalf of industry. Where work-simplification methods have been applied, output has jumped as much as 30 percent.

The principle is no secret, and its application is simple. Organized common sense is the only tool. With it the housewife in the kitchen, the business executive, the service-station operator, the grocer and the blacksmith, all can boost their efficiency by 30 percent, and save one-third of their now-busy day for other activity.

One day a Manhattan work-simplification specialist drove into his neighborhood service station. As he watched the operator scurry about servicing his car, he made notes. The operator first filled the tank. Then, after checking the oil, he dashed into the garage to get a quart. Next he checked the water and had to race to a spigot on the side of his building to fill a water can.

To check the tires it was necessary to move the car to the far side of the station. When the expert paid the garageman, he had to run back to the cash register and out again with the change.

"It's a good thing I didn't ask for a clean windshield and a battery check, or you'd have made two more trips inside," said the specialist. "If you were smart, you would combine all your services right here at the pumps."

A month later the garageman had. He installed a water tap right at the pumps, moved his air hose to the center island, brought out a rack of oil and always kept $10 in change in his pocket. In addition, the equipment he needed for checking batteries, cleaning windows and other items was made immediately accessible for him.

"You had something there," he told the expert later. "I used to be able to handle only about 80 or 100 cars a day. Now I can easily take care of 150 cars."

GENE COKEFAIR, who owns a pet shop in Madison, New Jersey, had to face the time-saving problem when he found he was often putting in a 12-hour day. He sat down and figured how many unproductive hours crowded his day.

One of the greatest time burglars was a constant stream of salesmen. They consumed an average of one-and-a-half hours a day—almost 10 hours a week. Because they came at odd intervals, he frequently wasn't ready for them, and either ordered inadequately for his needs or over-ordered on other items.

Cokefair discovered pet-shop owners in neighboring towns suffered as he did. They talked over the problem and decided to get together once a month in the evening at somebody's house, invite the salesmen to call and give their orders in bulk. The plan worked successfully. Not only did it save time and money for the shop owners, but it saved the salesmen's time.

Lionel Leitner is a work-simplification specialist employed by the Army Ordnance Corps. During a winter holiday last year, he decided to analyze his wife's constant complaint that she never had time for the things she wanted to do.

He followed her about her duties for two days, observed her as she pursued the daily chores of the housekeeper. He scrutinized every detail of every job and put it on paper. When he had completed his study, he challenged each task with an eye to combining various operations, cutting others out and rearranging a schedule for more efficient work. Next day he gave his wife a chart on how to accomplish each job in less time.

She was skeptical, but willing to cooperate. By one-thirty in the afternoon, she was all through, had the table set for dinner and the meal ready on the stove. Under her old method, she worked until 4 o'clock to accomplish the same tasks.

An examination of a few of the chores he streamlined provides the key to how he gave his wife a present of extra hours for her own use. Each morning and evening his wife donned her coat and walked out to the dog kennel, got Fido's dish, returned to the kitchen to fill it with food and then took it back to him. Leitner bought a second dish and now, instead of making four trips daily, she makes only two, since she carries out one filled dish and returns with the empty one. Time saved: five minutes.

Leitner showed his wife that she made an average of 14 separate trips to the kitchen to get mops, rags, cleansing powder and other items as she went about cleaning the house. He invested three dollars in a pushcart of the super-market variety and placed all cleaning implements in it, so that she could merely push it from room to room. Time saved: 12 minutes.

Mrs. Leitner is an active PTA committeewoman. Twice a month she has to contact 20 women to remind them of the next meeting. It took more than four hours of each day she made the calls, what with chit-chat and prolonged farewells. Her husband provided her with a supply of mimeographed post cards which she could fill out in less than 15 minutes, and thus freed another three and three-quarters hours for more desirable activity.

An upstate New York television repairman was dismayed over the time required to repair one TV set. He made a study of it at the behest of a New York University professor who taught work-simplification classes. The repairman found that he spent more time picking up an owner's set and transporting it to his shop and back to the owner's home than he did in repairing it. It also accounted for half of his working day.

The professor suggested a relatively simple solution. Why not outfit one of his trucks with a complete test panel—put his repair shop on wheels—so that he could complete 99 percent of all jobs on the spot? He did. Now he can accommodate almost twice as many customers in the same time.

Putting the principle of work-simplification to work in your own life is simple.

1. Pick a job to improve—any job—whether it be your salaried one on an assembly line or a week-end project such as making a back-yard terrace.

2. Break it down into its component details and steps. Plot it out on paper.

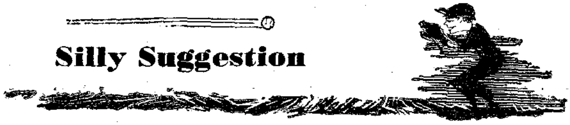
3. Study the pattern of the job and challenge every detail. What phases can be eliminated; what phases can be combined; what phases can be rearranged for greater efficiency?

4. Chart a new method, and get it down in black and white.

5. Apply the new method, and calculate how much time, energy and material you have saved.

These five simple steps are all the magic you need to save one-third of your day or boost your productivity by that amount. By adopting them, you can win your battle with the tyranny that time places on us all in today's busy world.

Silly Suggestion



A SMALL BOY WAS given a new baseball with the admonition: "Now you can practice and someday maybe you'll be a world-famous pitcher at $50,000 a year!"

"Oh, no," said the boy positively, "not me!"

"You wouldn't want to?" asked the giver in surprise.

"Nope," said the boy, and then added with great dignity, "I play second base."

—CLAIRE MACMURRAY (Cleveland *Plain Dealer*)

Saved by a Nightmare

by LAWRENCE ELLIOTT

THE ENGLISH SUBMARINE crawled along the bottom of the murky sea. Its mission: to hunt out and destroy enemy U-boats. Lieut. Ian Scott, aware that his craft was not due to surface before 10 P. M., climbed into his bunk and fell into a deep sleep.

Suddenly, strangely, he was in a munitions factory. He could see women turning shells on lathes; he could hear the squeaking of driving belts. Then, in a corner, Lieutenant Scott saw his sister, alone at a desk, her body slumped over in exhausted sleep. In that moment, indescribable horror swept over him. A finger of flame was creeping along the floor. He tried to shout a warning, but in vain. A tremendous explosion tore through the factory. Scorching timber rained down on the workers—and Scott awoke from his terrible nightmare.

Gasping, he looked around the silent sub. It was 10 o'clock—time to surface for night patrol. But as he approached the watchkeeper, Scott felt a weird sense of unrest.

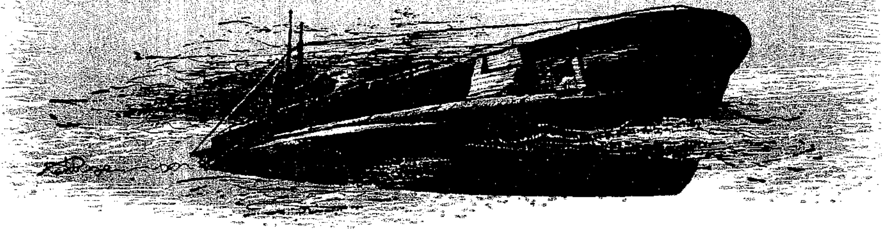
The watchkeeper was asleep. When Scott shook him, the man collapsed on deck. What was wrong? And then, for the first time, Scott detected the odor of gas. The men were not sleeping—they were near asphyxiation. By dousing the inert figures with water, he managed to rouse three men. Working mightily, they finally brought the submarine to the surface. There above, instead of inky night, was bright daylight.

It was 10 o'clock the following morning. The sub had been submerged 25 hours, and all that time gas fumes had been leaking from an open vent. Had not Scott been roused by a nightmare, the crew would have perished.

When the sub reached port, Scott found a letter from his sister. It told of a disastrous explosion in the munitions factory where she worked, on the same day the gas almost wrote finish to Scott's crew.

"I escaped without a scratch," she wrote. "I had dozed off at a desk in another building and was having a terrifying dream about *you*. I saw you and your crew lying motionless in your submarine.

"I tried to wake you but I simply couldn't. The munitions explosion shattered my dream and woke me. Had I not fallen asleep where I was, I, too, would have been blown to pieces. The explosion occurred at 10 in the morning. . ."



FIGHTING FIRE IN YOUR HOME

by **PAUL W. KEARNEY**

Learn now what to do in an emergency, and you may ward off some future disaster

ONE WINTER MORNING, a young housewife in a Wisconsin village undertook to refill a portable kerosene heater while the burner was lighted. The inevitable happened: she spilled oil on the hot metal and it blazed up.

Most women would have been either petrified or panicked, with disastrous results. But this young woman made up handsomely for her blunder. She grabbed a scatter rug and slapped it around the heater, smothering the flames. She took a chance, but her hair-trigger reaction averted a calamity.

Many household outbreaks could be held to trifling proportions if those on hand refused to panic and resorted to some handy resource for extinguishment. In New Jersey, for example, a housewife was sweeping the upper hall when she smelled smoke. A portable gas heater in the bathroom had been left too near the towel rack and two towels had caught fire. By the time she got to the bathroom, the flames had spread to the shower and window curtains.

Without stopping to think, the alert woman attacked the flames with her broom, literally sweeping the fire from the curtains. Then she knocked the towels to the floor and beat out the flames. No professional fireman could have done better.

Usually there are commonplace things in the home which can be used to fight fire, if people will only remain cool enough to use them. The grease fire in the oven, for instance. If you will grab that box of salt off the pantry shelf and throw a few handfuls into the oven, you will quickly put the outbreak in its place.

Better yet, your baking soda (bicarb) is an excellent extinguishing agent. Throw in a few handfuls so that they make a thick cloud of dust, then sit down and let your knees tremble if you want to. Don't, however, use any dusty material such as sugar or flour, or you will have a miniature dust explosion on your hands which might easily scatter the burning grease.

Another use for salt is on the common chimney fire, most frequent cause of alarms in many communities. Or keep a pound of bicarbonate of soda in a tight can conveniently near the furnace. In the event of a chimney fire (1) *open* the drafts; (2) throw a few handfuls of soda on the hottest part of the fire in the furnace. Carried up by the heat, the fumes will snuff out the flames above.

Still another standard household threat is the grass or brush fire, especially in the spring, fall or dry summer. Here again the good old house broom may stand you in good stead for sweeping out the advancing fringe of flame. Indeed, most fire departments carry heavy-duty brooms as standard equipment for just this work.

At my summer place, which is a long way from a fire department and lacks any water source that firemen could use, I have installed sufficient garden hose, on four different outlets, to reach any room in the house. Not one householder in ten thinks of his garden hose in terms of fire fighting. Yet, what could be better—or cheaper—for an indoor blaze beyond reach of makeshift expedients?

Now, however, a few words of warning are in order. First of all, before attempting to tackle any fire, *call the fire department*. If you should have the blaze out when they arrive, fine! But if you haven't already whipped the flames, the firemen are there.

By all means, bottle up the blaze in its room of origin by closing the door and working through a window, even if you have to smash it in, frame and all. Aim your stream at *actual flame*, not just at smoke. Keep it moving up and down and from side to side to cover as much of the burning fuel as possible.

THERE ARE TWO frequent types of fire which invariably break out in hidden voids: those started by overheated or defective chimney flues, and those started by defective wiring. Both require opening up the wall or ceiling with an ax or hatchet so that you can get water into the hidden space: and both are apt to be beyond the scope of the average householder.

If you do manage the job, however, and think you have put out the fire, there is a second step quite as important as the first. Follow the natural course of the heat to make sure that it hasn't got beyond you. Blistered paint or wallpaper is a sure sign that it has; so is any trace of warmth to the hand.

One place where your garden hose may have shortcomings is on the wooden-shingle roof outbreak —a trivial-looking fire to the layman but one which has accounted for many of the major city-wide conflagrations in this country. On a two or two-and-a-half-story dwelling, a garden hose won't reach the fire from the ground; hence you will need a ladder to get up at least to the gutter. If you don't own a ladder now, one of these featherweight aluminum ones would be a good investment.

No discussion on fire fighting could be complete without mention of another piece of equipment that should be in every home: a fire extinguisher.

With so many different good makes on the market, the inevitable question is: which one? My own choice is the familiar hand pump gun, employing carbon tetrachloride base or "vaporizing liquid." For about the same price, I would rather have two of these in different parts of the house than one cumbersome 40-pound extinguisher. It is also my preference because:

1. Used correctly, it will work on any type of fire, including oil or electrical.
2. It is the easiest to recharge and will not freeze at temperatures down to 40 below zero.
3. It will put out a lot of fire at a safe distance.

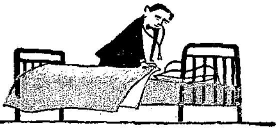
This last is significant because, to most people, a quart of extinguishing agent does not seem like much. However, it isn't the liquid which puts out the fire but the huge volume of *vapor* released when the liquid strikes the burning fuel.

In a recent case, a housewife, investigating a leak in the oil burner, inadvertently dropped a lighted match in a large puddle of oil on the floor. In a twinkling, flames were leaping higher than the furnace. Before the startled woman could collect her wits, her young daughter yanked one of these small extinguishers off the wall and had the blaze out in a jiffy.

The important thing is to keep the stream directed at the *base* of the flames. This allows the rising heat to carry the vapor upward into the fire, thus blanketing it all at once. The stream, incidentally, will carry at least 20 feet, so you don't have to get too close to the flames.

With nearly 300,000 dwelling fires a year in this country, all safeguards merit thought. Thousands of these fires could be stopped quickly with makeshift equipment; thousands more could be checked with a garden hose or an extinguisher. What you do until the firemen come may well spell the margin between a bad scare and a bitter tragedy!

"Children, Obey—"



SOME TIME AGO a famous Connecticut child specialist said to me after one of our children had passed through a critical illness:

"When it comes to a serious illness, something truly critical, the child who has been taught to obey stands four times the chance for recovery that the spoiled and undisciplined child does."

Those words made a profound and lasting impression upon me.

For twenty-five years I had taught the Ten Commandments to my own children and to churches filled with them. I had stressed the commandment that bids children obey their parents. But it had scarcely entered my mind that a question of obedience might mean the saving or losing of a child's life.

—THE REV. PHILIP JEROME CLEVELAND

Those Daffy Dodgers

by **HY TURKIN**

Anything can happen at Ebbets Field—and usually does

BROOKLYN HAS long been a catchword for comedy. What drives the Borough batty is a collection of grown men in short pants. They make a daily ritual of fantastic gyrations in pursuit of a five-ounce sphere called a baseball.

The players are called Dodgers, or worse. Their followers are known as fans, short for "fanatics."

Sports historians try to sum it up with "Everything happens in Brooklyn." Specifically, the slogan refers to that ungodly green acre deep in the heart of Flatbush, known as Ebbets Field. Here the Dodgers cavort daily and gaily. After each day's total of hits, runs and errors, their fans are mad with joy or mad with grief—but always mad.

Typical of how their rooters have come to expect only the unexpected is this true story of a cruising cab. Stopped by a red light on Bedford Avenue, the cabby yelled to a patron in the last row of the upper bleachers, "Hey, buddy, how are Dem Bums doing?"

"Pretty good," came the report. "Last of the sixth inning, tie score, and we have three men on base."

"Which base?" cried the cynical cabby, driving off.

Such sarcasm stems from the ignoble afternoon when Babe Herman doubled into a double play. Three Dodger runners wound up jointly occupying third base. Sure, that happened way back in 1926, but the malady lingers on, to wit:

Only two years ago, a couple of All-Star nominees from Brooklyn, Jackie Robinson and Gil Hodges, became ensnarled in a traffic jam that landed both runners on third base. The enemy catcher yelled for the ball, tagged Robinson, tagged Hodges, tagged the bag, tagged the umpire, then screamed in glee, "I know *somebody* is out!"

If the handwriting on the wall could be deciphered, it probably would say, "Once a Dodger, always a Dodger." Babe Herman helped to prove it. Returning to Brooklyn in 1945, the fabulous Babe immediately bridged the gap of his 14-year absence. On his first try, he pinch-hitted a line drive against the right field wall—but tripped over first base in rounding the bag and fell flat on his face.

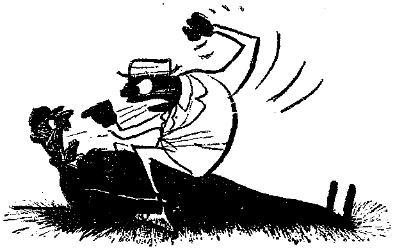
When Herman was in his heyday, he batted well but fielded each pop fly as if it were an adventure. "Hoiman, don't get hoited!" was the war cry of bleacher regulars. In spite of their warnings, a fly ball once actually hit him on the head.

Yet Herman was only one of many bizarre Brooklyn outfielders. Casey Stengel once responded to the fans' jeers by lifting his cap—and a sparrow flew out!

Frenchy Bordagaray, a likable zany who was rather gilding the lily by growing a Van Dyke beard to keep him company in the outfield in 1936, was chasing a long drive one day when his hat suddenly blew off. Frenchy ran back to pick up his cap, then resumed pursuit of the extra-base hit.

Umpires regard Ebbets Field as an open-air Dante's Inferno. Arguments are a dime a dozen, and often a dozen an inning.

One balmy day in 1940, umpire George Magerkurth started to walk off the field after rendering a last-inning decision that cost Brooklyn the game. A five-foot-seven fan rushed out of the stands, barged into the six-foot-four Magerkurth, tripped him, sat on his chest and flailed away with both fists, shrieking "You blind bum! You crook!"



Police peeled him off and rushed him to the station house, where the irate fan turned out to be a convicted thief out on parole!

Brooklyn fans loathe umpires, and grade them barely one notch above the most hated human beings of all—the Giants. But bitterness at officialdom doesn't border on anarchy. Nor does it bite so deeply as to call for a revival of the sign that once was painted on the outfield fence of a Kansas City ball park: "Please don't shoot the umpire. He is doing the best he can!"

Dodger rooters can let off steam in subtler ways. One day, just before game time, a grandstand regular lugged a heavy sack into the manager's dressing room and explained: "We read in the papers that the League president fined you $25 for arguing with the umpire. So we took up a collection in the stands. Here's your 25 bucks—all in pennies. When that meat-head of an umpire asks you to pay your fine today, just bring up this sack and dump the 2,500 pennies all over home plate . . . and let him collect!"

Somehow, the League president got wind of the stunt. He frantically phoned Ebbets Field and threatened suspension if the manager went through with it.

Flatbush fantasia pervades top-level management. Stengel gets a chuckle every time he tells of the board of directors' meeting he attended. To give his bosses a complete picture of the Dodger playing personnel, he started discussing the best prospects out on the club's "farms"—meaning their minor league affiliates.

Exasperated, one of the Brooklyn bankers finally snapped: "Why all

this talk about farm hands? We want ball-players not somebody to thresh wheat!"

Whether lording it over the rest of the National League, or stumble-bumming around the second division, the Dodgers can always be relied on for the light fantastic.

One September afternoon of 1941 in Boston, Leo Durocher managed the Dodgers to their first pennant in 21 years. Yet he was fired that night! His crime? Leo ordered the home-coming Victory Special to by-pass 125th Street Station.

Unbeknownst to Leo, Club President Larry MacPhail was waiting on the platform to board the train, so he could share in the triumphal plaudits of 50,000 fans waiting around Grand Central Terminal. Cooling off in the morning-after, MacPhail rehired Durocher.

No one is immune to the daffy Dodger spirit. Clubhouse aide Babe Hamberger, recently promoted to ticket supervisor, announced over the ball park's loudspeaker system one day: "A small boy has been found lost in the grandstand."

Another employee who has become a fixture at Ebbets Field is Benny Weinrig. Master of the malapropism, he is an attendant for the literati of the press. In his unadulterated Brooklynese, Babe Herman was "Hoiman," and Waite Hoyt, "Hert." Last summer, he added to the press-box memorabilia with a comment on Music Appreciation Night. This was at the game where all fans were admitted to the park free, when accompanied by a legitimate musical instrument.

As the discord sounded between innings from every sector of the grandstand, Benny murmured: "I hope they have this Music Depreciation Night again. This is the best music I ever *saw!*"

Even scribes somehow become infected. Brooklyn baseball writers were given final blueprints for Ebbets Field in 1912. They checked, rechecked, and gave their hearty approval. Only after the park was built did they learn that no provision had been made for a press box!

Not the least in the cast of characters of Brooklyn's baseball burlesque is the rooter himself. You can always tell a Dodger fan, but you can't tell him much. No genus of sports spectator is louder or more loyal, none more bizarre.

Hilda Chester and her cowbell, making more noise than six fire engines, has been a long-time landmark in the bleachers. Multiply her by several thousand, and you can understand why a soldier who survived a Banzai attack on Leyte in World War II said: "The Japs made the weirdest sounds as they rushed at you. It sounded like Ladies Day at Ebbets Field."

On Ladies Day, the (don't-you-believe-it) weaker sex is admitted for only 25 cents. However, attendants at the turnstiles have to keep on the alert for men who masquerade as women, just to beat the regular $1.25 tariff.

Old-timers proudly recall Abie

the Iceman. A raucous character, he used to buy a box seat daily so he could blare "Youse Bums!" at the Dodgers. This rattled the players so severely that the frustrated management presented him with a season pass, on condition that he keep quiet.

At the end of one week, Abie returned the pass, crying: "The deal is off. I can't choke it down any more. Dey *are* bums!"

Center fielder Duke Snider has cause to remember critical customers, too. One afternoon last summer, he threw to the wrong base and cost the Dodgers a run. Half an hour after the game, he stopped at a soft-drink stand across the street from Ebbets Field. Two fans were arguing heatedly over the wrong throw.

Not recognizing Duke, one of them turned to him to prove a point, asking, "Don't you think that Snider is a bum?"

Duke downed the rest of his drink, shrugged and replied, "Who am I to judge?"

Though it doesn't cost a cent to become a Dodger fan, the strain on heart and soul is extremely costly. That's because, win-lose-or-draw, the Dodgers never do things the easy way.

Each of the last three years, the Dodgers were still in a first-place tie after having played the ninth inning of the last regularly scheduled game of the season! It's so nerve-wracking that the Brooklyn chapter of the American Red Cross issues special disaster leaflets: "Care and Protection of Dodger Fans—Emergency Treatment at Ebbets Field."

Brooklyn's battiest era came during the 1914-31 managerial reign of Wilbert Robinson. The team was often called the Robins in his honor. And the Falstaffian mentor himself was affectionately called Uncle Robbie by the fans.

One day Robinson decided to start rookie Oscar Roettger in right field. While penciling the line-up that had to be handed to the umpire, he sputtered, "R-o-t-t, R-e-t-g . . . aw, heck, let Cox stay in right field!"

Uncle Robbie always had a fondness for pitchers, but even he lost patience with an eccentric known as Clyde "Pea Ridge" Day, a hog-calling champion from Arkansas. Pea Ridge would stop a game, strike a pose on the mound and let out a bellow that shook the park.

Day boasted to teammates that his pastime of hog-calling developed his chest to superman strength. When Del Bisonnette asked him to prove it, Pea Ridge exhaled, tied a leather belt around his chest and said he would break the belt by expanding his chest.

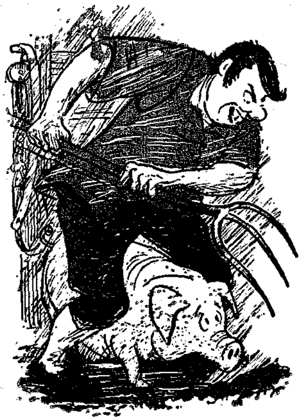
Pea Ridge inhaled till he almost got blue in the face, then—pop!—broke three ribs, putting him out of action for a month.

Please Don't Advertise

There is no sense in advertising your troubles. There's no market for them. —*O'Bannon's Between Calls*

How France Lost Texas

by **HAROLD POPE**



THE TIME WAS the early 1840's, and a new republic had been born. All Europe sought its favor. But France, wise with long experience in colonialism and diplomacy, acted first.

From Paris, she had sent one of her ablest diplomats, the charming—if temperamental—Count Alphonse de Saligny, to negotiate a treaty which would make the new nation a close ally of France. The new republic was pleased at France's gesture because it had a $5,000,000 loan pending in a Paris bank.

De Saligny arrived in impressive fashion, a style befitting so lofty an emissary. He brought a retinue of servants, a stable of thoroughbred horses, his own chef and even blueprints for a French legation. And while this magnificent building arose, he and his staff lived at Bullock's Inn, a fashionable hotel.

Then fate took a hand. A pig owned by the innkeeper wandered into the Count's stable and began gorging itself on corn. One of de Saligny's servants killed the animal with a pitchfork.

Enraged, the innkeeper rushed into the Count's suite, seized one of his servants and beat him. "Kill my pig, will you?" he roared. "I'll teach you foreigners to keep your hands off other people's property!" With that, he threw the servant out of the inn.

De Saligny vowed bitter vengeance. Apologies from the innkeeper would not do: he demanded a formal apology from the Secretary of State. It was refused. And the Senate, also angry at the Count's conduct, refused to ratify the treaty.

"Very well," said de Saligny, white-faced. "We return to France." He ordered his staff to pack. "And the loan, messieurs—" The Count bowed stiffly. "Under the circumstances, it is now impossible."

With that, the Count and his entourage swept indignantly out of the inn and the country.

Thus abandoned, the new republic looked elsewhere for aid. The only nation willing to help was the United States. So well did the two countries cooperate that talk of annexation began. It was achieved, and soon the American flag was raised over the young nation's capital. A new state was born.

More than a century has passed since that day. But still standing in the city of Austin, its original French doors, hinges and furnishings intact, is the old French Legation of Count Alphonse de Saligny—a reminder of the short-lived Republic of Texas, whose future was determined by a runaway pig!

The Voice

by HAYWOOD VINCENT

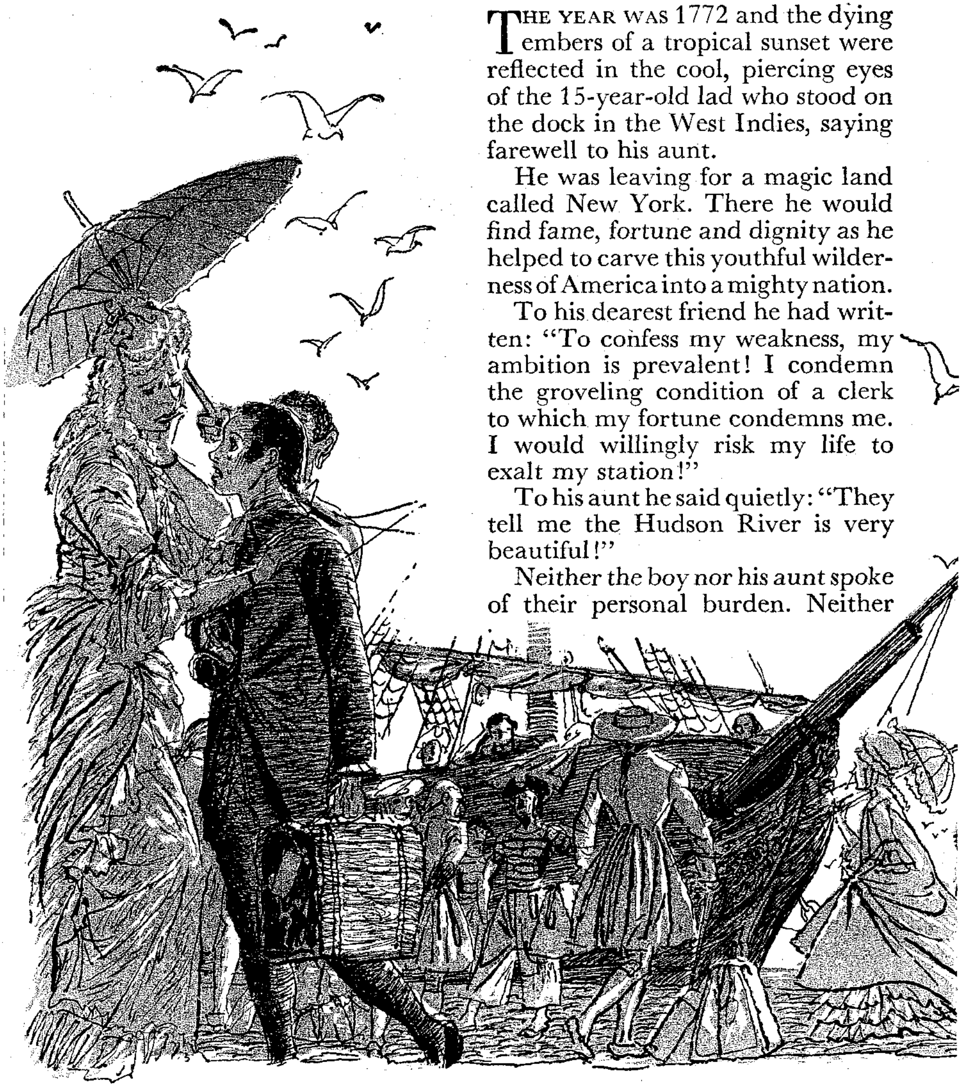
THE YEAR WAS 1772 and the dying embers of a tropical sunset were reflected in the cool, piercing eyes of the 15-year-old lad who stood on the dock in the West Indies, saying farewell to his aunt.

He was leaving for a magic land called New York. There he would find fame, fortune and dignity as he helped to carve this youthful wilderness of America into a mighty nation.

To his dearest friend he had written: "To confess my weakness, my ambition is prevalent! I condemn the groveling condition of a clerk to which my fortune condemns me. I would willingly risk my life to exalt my station!"

To his aunt he said quietly: "They tell me the Hudson River is very beautiful!"

Neither the boy nor his aunt spoke of their personal burden. Neither



# of Destiny

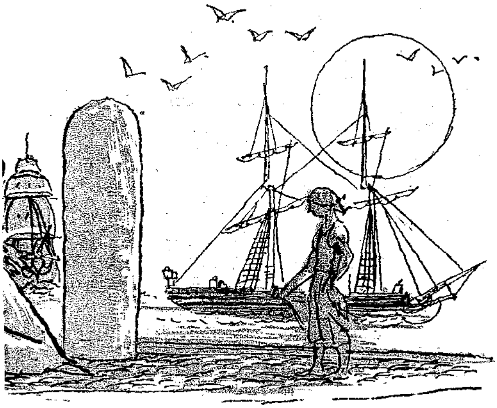
reminded the other of the nights he had run to her in tears, begging her to tell him why he must live in shame, why he must endure the cruel taunts of his classmates who whispered cruelly, "Illegitimate . . . born out of wedlock . . ."

But behind the silent lips of the two remained the memory of his mother's dying words: "My son, no matter what anyone says, your father is a good man. Bring credit to his name."

Now, on the dock in the West Indies, the young man turned for a farewell embrace with his aunt. "I shall turn a territory into an empire," he said. "You will be proud of me."

Thirty-two years later the young man from the isle of Nevis had more than realized his youthful ambitions. He had served with valor and brilliance in the American Revolution, creating with George Washington much of the military organization of the campaigns. He had married into one of the most prominent families of New York.

ILLUSTRATED BY LYLE JUSTIS



In the political life of the infant United States, he had indeed found his goals of fame, fortune and dignity. He helped to frame the Constitution and then "sold" it to the people of the new states. His financial genius put the economy of the new nation on a sound footing.

His simple statement: "I have nothing in favor of Thomas Jefferson except that he is an honest man . . ." helped to place that gentleman in the White House.

Perhaps on a sultry morning in 1804, when the still youthful but tragically spent "illegitimate" from the Caribbean crossed for the last time the surging river he loved so well, memories were coursing through his mind with satisfaction . . . a sense of achievement that few men of 47 have ever known.

We do know there was a contented smile upon his lips when the duel had ended on a New Jersey field . . . a smile even directed at Aaron Burr, who stood frowning with smoking pistol in hand . . . a smile that symbolized his words as his pain-ridden body was placed in a barge, homeward-bound:

He said: "Isn't the Hudson beautiful today?"

Alexander Hamilton was dead!

The American Motorist: No. 1 Tax Sucker

by **John L. Springer**

Drivers can save themselves millions a day by fighting for their rights with local, state and Federal governments

As citizens and voters, Americans are always ready to fight for justice and equality among all our people. But once they get behind the steering wheel of an automobile, they apparently become different individuals. Then, with hardly a word of protest, they allow themselves to be gypped and victimized with the greatest of ease.

As a result of this strange surrender, they are being "taken" for *millions of dollars a day*. In fact, Federal, state and local governments have burdened the car owner with such excessive taxes—often using tricks that are basically dishonest—that they have made him the nation's undisputed No. 1 tax sucker!

Early last year, the Secretary of the Treasury sought additional revenues to finance the defense program. His idea was typical: soak the motorist! The car owner already had been taxed to the hilt. Licenses to run his car, plus Federal, state and local taxes on gas and oil, cost him more than four billions in 1950—four times what he paid in 1933.

Yet the Treasury proposed to triple the tax on new cars and double the tax on gasoline, forcing the motorist alone to carry more than 40 percent of the entire proposed excise-tax increase, while scores of nonessential and luxury items went untouched.

Fortunately, a few spokesmen for the motoring public succeeded in winning a "watered-down" bill. Result: in 1951, the American motorist's tax bill jumped *to almost four and three-quarter billion a year!*

How much does the average car owner pay in taxes and tolls annually? Figures compiled by the U. S. Bureau of Public Roads and the Automobile Manufacturers Association show that the owner of the average medium-sized car in 1950 paid $14.90 in state registration fees, $36.86 in state gasoline taxes, $5.02 in local taxes and tolls, $28.03 in Federal excise taxes, $34.36 in property taxes. Total: $119.17.

Now consider a shocking fact. Most Americans regard the personal income tax they pay Uncle Sam every year as their greatest contribution to government. *But half the country's car-owning families—those in the group earning less than $4,000 per year—pay more each year in auto and gas taxes than they do in income taxes!*

Out of every dollar spent by the average motorist on gas, 26 cents goes for Federal and state taxes. One-fourth of the revenues of all states comes from motorists' taxes. In addition, the Federal treasury collects from drivers more than it cost to run the entire government 36 years ago!

What does the car owner get in return? The original purpose of gas taxes was to build and maintain roads. But states long ago discovered how to use these funds for other purposes. The motorist has supported Confederate-pension payments, oyster propagation, mosquito control, sewage departments, and state departments having nothing to do with automobiles. Since 1924, says the Bureau of Public Roads, states have used more than three billions in motorists' taxes in ways never originally intended.

In 1950, for instance, out of every dollar that poured into state treasuries in highway-user taxes, only 54 cents were used directly on state highway work! In that year, states diverted $217,038,000 to other purposes. This sum could have built a modern 5,706-mile road!

More than a third of the states have prohibited these flagrant misuses of the car owner's monies. They have enacted legislation requiring such taxes to be spent on roads. But now enters another disgraceful practice—the use of taxes for roads is primarily designed not to help the motorists, but to get politicians reelected!

Not long ago, Federal investigators catalogued the kinds of roads supported by state funds. Official figures show that there are 600,000 miles of roads which are used by less than ten vehicles daily. Throughout the survey ran evidence that legislators had pushed through the roads, regardless of expense, in order to win local votes.

AFTER FAILING to build main roads with gas taxes, many states have floated bond issues to construct highways. Then they install toll booths *to make motorists pay a second time!* This practice of double taxation is growing so rapidly that states today plan more toll-road mileage than has been built in the entire country until now. Already 650 toll roads, toll bridges and ferries collect $157,000,000 a year from drivers. Hungrily eying this "easy money," states are now planning or building 1,200 more miles of toll highways.

Recently a motorist took a trip from Portland, Maine, to St. Louis. On the trip he dug into his pocket a dozen times, paying a total of $5.40 in toll charges. This amounted to one-fourth of his gas expenses for the trip!

According to estimates, a driver pays an average of one cent a mile to use a toll road. "Since the motor-

Still *More* Taxes on Your New Car

IF AN AMERICAN MOTORIST makes a down payment of one-third when he buys a new car, almost that entire amount goes to the tax collector! The Automobile Manufacturers Association has estimated that on the average $2,000 car delivered in Detroit to a Michigan resident, taxes take 31 and 2/5 cents—almost one-third—of every dollar paid!

This figure varies slightly, of course, in different states, depending upon local taxes. But here are typical taxes on a $2,000 car delivered in Detroit:

Estimated taxes accrued on materials, parts, and transportation before they reach manufacturer	$154.00
Estimated income and other taxes paid by manufacturer, except Federal excise tax	$155.00
Federal excise taxes on car, including radio and heater	146.00
Dealer's property, income, and other taxes	102.00
Michigan sales tax	57.85
License plate and title	12.75
Federal and state excise or sales tax on five gallons of gas and six quarts of oil	.40
TOTAL	$628.00

And these figures do not include the Social Security and income taxes paid by all the persons who produced the car, which of course are included in the sales price!

ist averages 15 miles to the gallon," tax experts say, "this equals an additional tax of 15 cents a gallon of gasoline." Add gas tax to toll, and the motorist on such roads often pays more in taxes than for the fuel that powers his car.

Gas taxes originally were levied by states. In 1932, the Federal government began taxing motorists as a "temporary" depression measure which has never been repealed. Then, in some states, counties and municipalities applied an additional tax squeeze. In some sections of Alabama, for example, motorists pay taxes to four different levels of government on each gallon.

Many other money-hungry politicians regard gas taxes as too slow a way to raise local revenue. Such measures also put the taxpaying burden on a community's own citizens. So these local governments have set up vicious, unfair "speed traps" and then fine strangers for violating them.

WHY DOES THE AMERICAN motorist's pocketbook suffer this constant, unrelenting attack? Because legislators still think of automobiles as luxuries. They tax car owners as a form of "soaking the rich."

The error of this viewpoint was proved in 1949 when a Federal Reserve Board survey showed that families with less than $5,000 annual income owned 74 per cent of all cars in the country. Were these automobiles luxuries or necessities? Says Charles C. Collins, general counsel of the American Automobile Association:

"During World War II, 77 per cent of all automobile trips were for essential purposes. But the essentiality of the passenger car has increased since then. Car ownership has risen from 25,700,000 to 40,000,000. The great population growth of the last decade has been primarily in suburban areas. This, with the accompanying decentralization of industry—particularly defense industry—has created extreme dependence on passenger cars as a medium of transportation."

Millions of Americans drive to work, schools, shops, churches. Hundreds of suburban communities developed since the war lack other means of transportation. In other areas, bus and railroad lines would bog down hopelessly if required to carry passengers who now travel by private cars.

Therefore, when Federal and state governments place excessive taxes on motorists, they are not soaking the rich but are discriminating against a section of the population that is neither rich nor using cars for luxury purposes.

Many state legislatures, foreseeing that their own revenues from motorists will be endangered if taxes are raised higher, have actually pleaded with Congress to avoid new levies which might drive motorists off the roads. For example, the Utah Legislature formally stated that "passenger cars are no longer a luxury to be taxed as such but instead are used daily by workers, professional and businessmen, farmers and livestock men in the pursuits of their livelihood, which are essential to our defense effort."

Despite the motorist's importance as a taxpayer, legislators treat his problems with scornful indifference. For example, experts generally agree that traffic conditions over most of America belie our claim to being the most advanced nation on earth. Often cars are stalled for miles even on super-roads like the parkways of Westchester County, New York. On summer Sundays, highways from big cities invariably are clogged. In business sections of otherwise-modern towns, long lines of cars seeking a parking place are a daily sight. "Saturday parking" is a nightmare even in hamlets.

In most cases, public authorities blandly ignore these conditions. Thus, traffic hazards become increasingly serious as taxes on motorists go up and up!

State and local officials display an even more shocking indifference to highway accidents. This menace to motorists is so great that during the first year of the Korean war, one U. S. soldier died in battle for every three persons killed on U. S. roads. What are state and local officials doing to reduce this horrible toll? Virtually nothing, except to utter pious words about the need for wider "safety education."

Ever since automobiles were first made, restrictive laws have plagued motorists. Once, many states and cities required that a horseless carriage be preceded on the streets by a man waving a red flag in the daytime, and a red lantern at night! For years after automobiles became common, many states forbade speeds above ten miles per hour. Laws still in effect in a few states require motorists to stop dead when the driver of a horse-drawn vehicle merely raises a hand!

Says J. E. O'Neill, president of the A.A.A.: "The car owner, since the days of the horseless carriage, has been singled out as a prime target. The A.A.A. and its affiliated motor clubs have waged war for years against the most flagrant abuses.

"We have fought to prevent the erection of toll gates on our highways; we have insisted that special taxes paid by motorists be spent for road purposes only; we have resisted the spread of parking meters and have urged that, when they are installed, the revenue be devoted to provision of offstreet parking facilities; we have worked for traffic-court reform to end fee-splitting, soak-the-stranger enforcement methods."

But the fight against unfair treatment is a fight for *all* motorists. Says Arthur C. Butler, director of the National Highway Users Conference: "When every owner begins to take an active and personal interest in opposing excessive taxes and tolls, diversion and dispersion of road funds, and inadequate state and local traffic planning, then we will be well on the way toward solving these difficulties.

"Fair treatment for the motorist can only become a reality when the individual owner makes up his mind to do something about it!"

The motorist faces a long campaign to undo 50 years of apathy, during which he allowed legislators to make him "America's No. 1 Tax Sucker." He must first awaken state and local governments—and the public itself—to the fact that the automobile has become a necessity for millions of people, and that we have passed forever from the horse-and-buggy age.

Sharp Shoppers

Woman customer to book store clerk: "I've always had a great weakness for Dickens—I found a 100 dollar bill in one of his books years ago." —*Christian Science Monitor*

Comedian Jan Murray claims he went shopping with his wife and tried to buy $1 worth of potatoes.

"I'm sorry," a clerk allegedly said. "We don't slice them."

—Earl Wilson

Weighted down with an armful of bundles, the lady shopper was clinging to a strap when the overcrowded bus stopped too suddenly and catapulted the topmost package, a three pound roast, into the lap of a seated gentleman. He thrust it up at her remarking gruffly, "If you housewives would do your shopping earlier in the day, you wouldn't be caught in the evening rush hour!"

"That's right," she agreed sweetly. "And we wouldn't be carrying rump roasts home like this—if *all* the cattle refused to give up their seats." —Cliff Walters

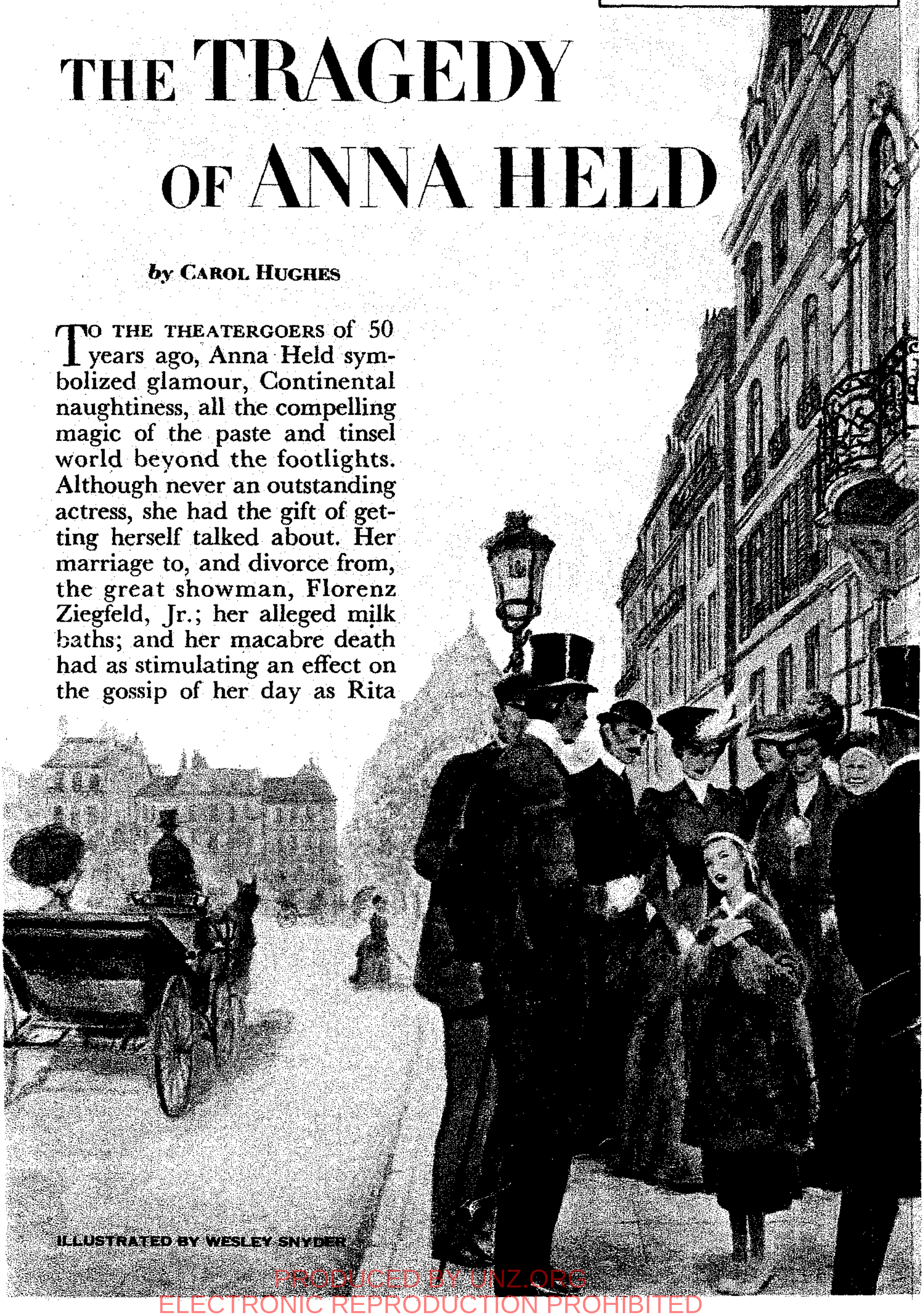
A Texas woman walked into a department store to order Venetian blinds. When the clerk asked for the dimensions, she replied: "Two telephone books and one-inch wide." He sold her nineteen-inch blinds. —Ben Kaplan (Houston *Press*)

Illustrated Feature

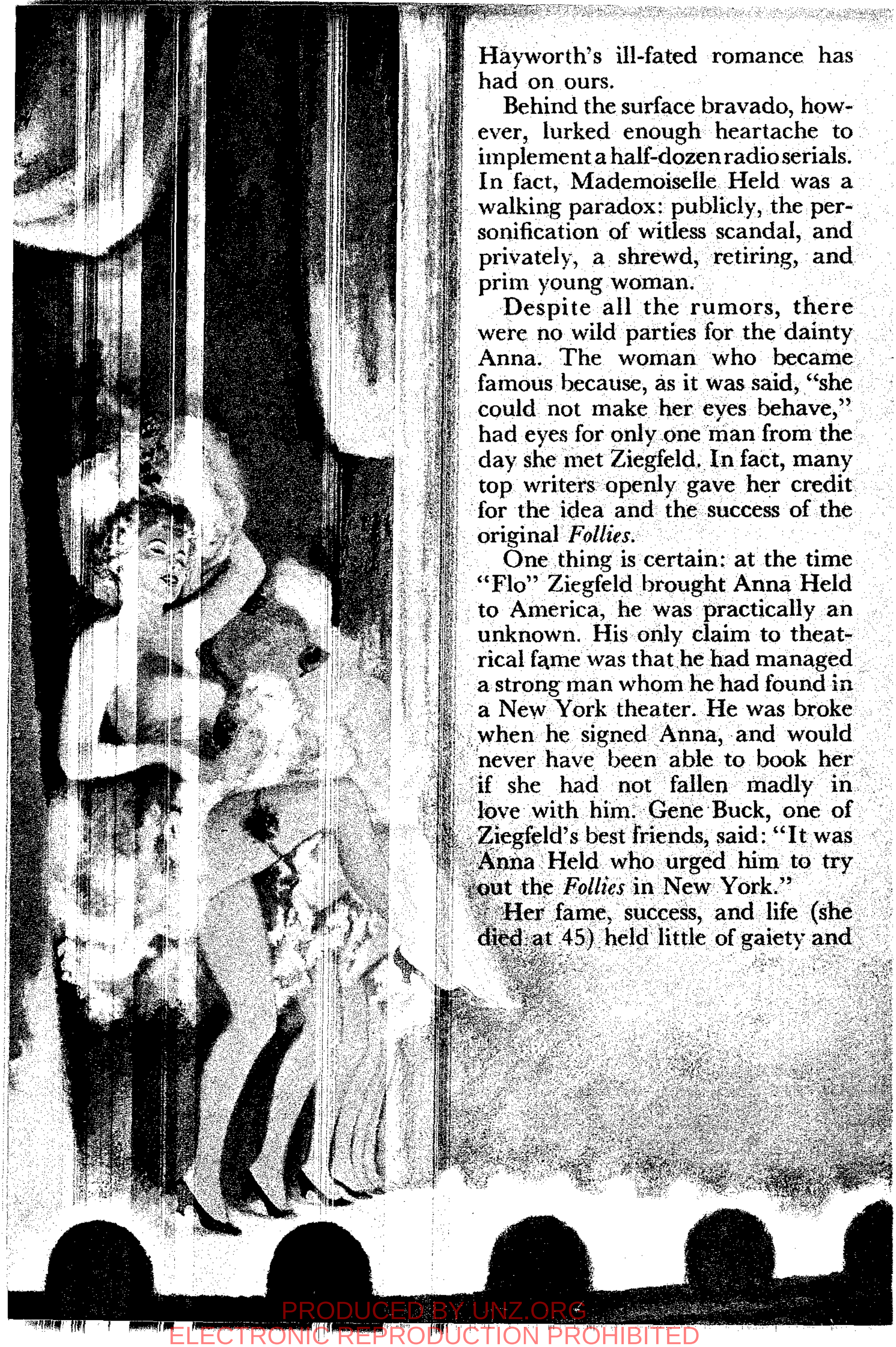
THE TRAGEDY OF ANNA HELD

by CAROL HUGHES

TO THE THEATERGOERS of 50 years ago, Anna Held symbolized glamour, Continental naughtiness, all the compelling magic of the paste and tinsel world beyond the footlights. Although never an outstanding actress, she had the gift of getting herself talked about. Her marriage to, and divorce from, the great showman, Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr.; her alleged milk baths; and her macabre death had as stimulating an effect on the gossip of her day as Rita



ILLUSTRATED BY WESLEY SNYDER



Hayworth's ill-fated romance has had on ours.

Behind the surface bravado, however, lurked enough heartache to implement a half-dozen radio serials. In fact, Mademoiselle Held was a walking paradox: publicly, the personification of witless scandal, and privately, a shrewd, retiring, and prim young woman.

Despite all the rumors, there were no wild parties for the dainty Anna. The woman who became famous because, as it was said, "she could not make her eyes behave," had eyes for only one man from the day she met Ziegfeld. In fact, many top writers openly gave her credit for the idea and the success of the original *Follies*.

One thing is certain: at the time "Flo" Ziegfeld brought Anna Held to America, he was practically an unknown. His only claim to theatrical fame was that he had managed a strong man whom he had found in a New York theater. He was broke when he signed Anna, and would never have been able to book her if she had not fallen madly in love with him. Gene Buck, one of Ziegfeld's best friends, said: "It was Anna Held who urged him to try out the *Follies* in New York."

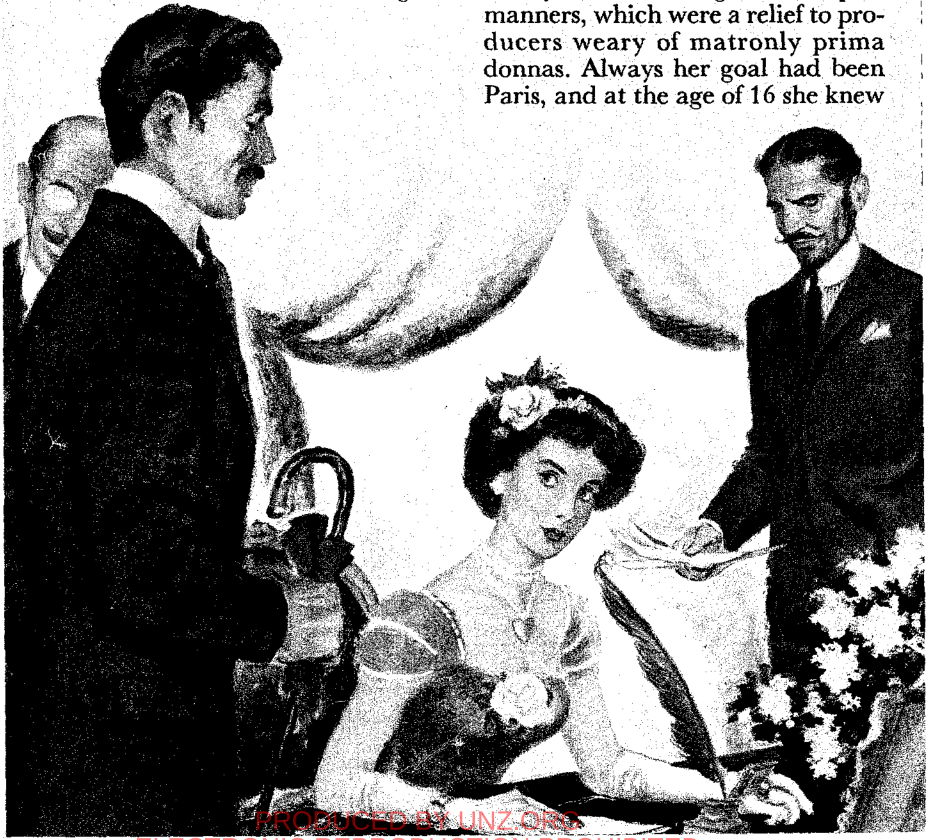
Her fame, success, and life (she died at 45) held little of gaiety and laughter. Even her earliest years were filled with such poverty and hardship that only an enduring faith and strong character could have sustained this child of fate.

Anna was born in Paris of Polish parents. Her father died when she was 11, and she and her mother had to work, curling and cleaning plumes for a factory. A year later, Anna discovered she had a voice that could trill, and used it as a street singer to supplement the family's wages.

As the mother's health grew worse, she decided to take Anna to London where she believed they had relatives. They rented a room in the slums, but the relatives did not materialize. The mother grew worse, so the frantic little Anna lied about her age and, claiming to be 16, managed to get a job in the chorus at the Princess Theater. When she was 12, her mother died and Anna was left alone.

Straightening her shoulders and drying her tears, she struck out on her own. But when her touring troupe went broke in Holland, Anna found herself stranded. The theater manager felt sorry for her and helped by getting her work when he could. He even translated a little German song for her, which later was to make her a success—*Won't You Come and Play Wiz Me?*

Gradually, she began to get attention. Her extreme youth was offset by a mature figure and pert manners, which were a relief to producers weary of matronly prima donnas. Always her goal had been Paris, and at the age of 16 she knew



she was ready. Likewise, Paris was ready for her.

Anna's big chance came at El Dorado and later at La Scala. In an effort to obliterate a childhood of poverty and ignorance, this strange little creature took up the study of the drama in her own peculiar way.

"I wanted to become a Sarah Bernhardt," she said in later life. "So I went to hospitals to watch people suffer and die. I wanted to study tragedy by looking at the faces of the sick and dying."

She never became a Bernhardt, but she did become a great success in Paris, even though her beauty was always a matter of dispute. She was a tiny thing, some reviewers saying she was less than five feet, others giving her as much as five feet three. But all agreed that she had the right amount of flesh in the right places.

Anna was famous as the most tightly laced woman on the stage, and her plump little figure, pinched at the waist until the hips jutted out, was highly admired. She had the perfect "hourglass figure" in its most extreme form. Her personal charms—velvety blue eyes, vivacity, keen mind, and naughty sense of humor—made her the kind of woman men instinctively liked and women instinctively mistrusted.

While in Paris, she made the first of two tragic marriages. The husband was a South American planter named Maximo Carerro, by whom she had a daughter, Lianne. Carerro, a much older man, was a model of kindness, but she did not love him. Later, when she fell in love with Ziegfeld, Carerro called him that "lucky American." But

Lianne said later that it broke her father's heart, and he died shortly afterwards.

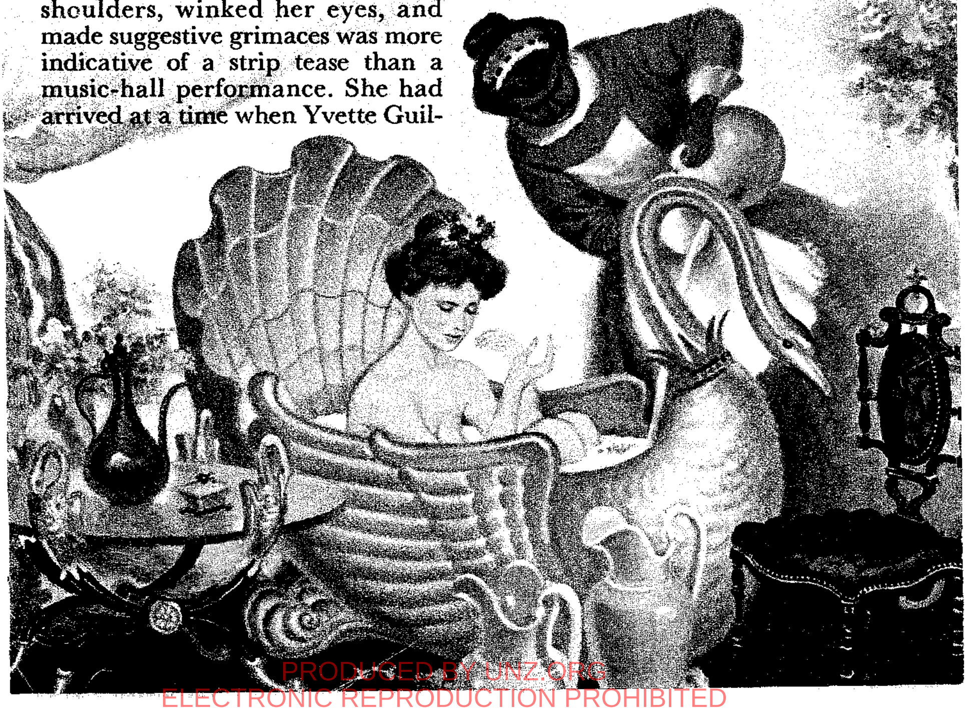
It was while Anna was singing in London that Ziegfeld, on a talent-scouting trip, heard her. She was then the toast of the Continent, and various agents began bidding to bring her to America. Although Ziegfeld had no money, he was determined to have her.

The little music-hall girl was smitten with Ziegfeld immediately, but seemed terrified of crossing the ocean. She put her price up to the astronomical figure of $1,000 a week for ten weeks, hoping no one would accept it. Ziegfeld calmly signed her up.

Introduced to America in September, 1896, Anna almost failed. Her first appearance was at Koster & Bial's Herald Square Theater on 34th Street near Broadway. The way she shrugged her shoulders, winked her eyes, and made suggestive grimaces was more indicative of a strip tease than a music-hall performance. She had arrived at a time when Yvette Guilbert had made French singing the vogue, but little Anna, not too well endowed with talent, was something else again.

Placed in a hokum comedy, her fun fell flat. There was no furore over her "come play wiz me," and the American public was about to let her go play somewhere else. But the smart Ziegfeld had provided for such an emergency. He filled the theater with a claque which applauded her into success.

Next day, she drew some of the most amazing notices in theatrical history. One of the kindlier criticisms accused her of being "the gaudiest-dressed woman that ever lived." Another critic said: "The noticeable failure was Anna Held. The little lady displayed no skill worthy of mention, and her playing fell flat." However, all agreed that her performance was as vulgar as the law allowed, and it remained



for Boston to put the finishing touches to Mlle. Held.

Regarding her with horror, one newspaper critic wrote:

"Her way of doing Parisian things is well known. It is occasionally shrewd, often funny, always vulgar. And the lady's costume of undress and the impudent freedom with which the same is worn befits her. Nothing could be more insolently unbeautiful."

Despite the barrage of criticism, Anna was soon to reach a peak of success. Her springboard was Ziegfeld's hoax of the milk bath.

On October 9, 1896, a Brooklyn milkman had papers served on Anna to collect the fabulous sum of $64 for 40 gallons of milk, delivered daily for eight days to her apartment. Payment had been refused, he said, because the milk was sour. When the news first broke, it seemed of slight import. Then public amazement flared.

What did Anna do with 40 gallons of milk a day? Blithely she explained: "Eet eez for to take zee beauty bath."

That did it. The news spread all over the world, and was debated back and forth. It made feature stories, and it made Anna Held. Later, the milkman admitted he had agreed to lend his name to the hoax, but by then Anna was the most discussed woman in America. Then, along with her fame, other things began to take shape in the public mind. Something of her character began to emerge.

Her private life was exemplary. She was a woman not only of cul-

ture but of intelligence. She was a thoughtful person, too, and a good woman. Anna began to be accepted with kindness, then with affection.

In March, 1897, she attained her greatest goal—marriage to the amorous if somewhat unstable Ziegfeld. His attentions, his flattery, and his lavish gifts created a sense of worship in the love-starved, lonely little Anna. For a few years their marriage seemed happy, but the end was already in sight.

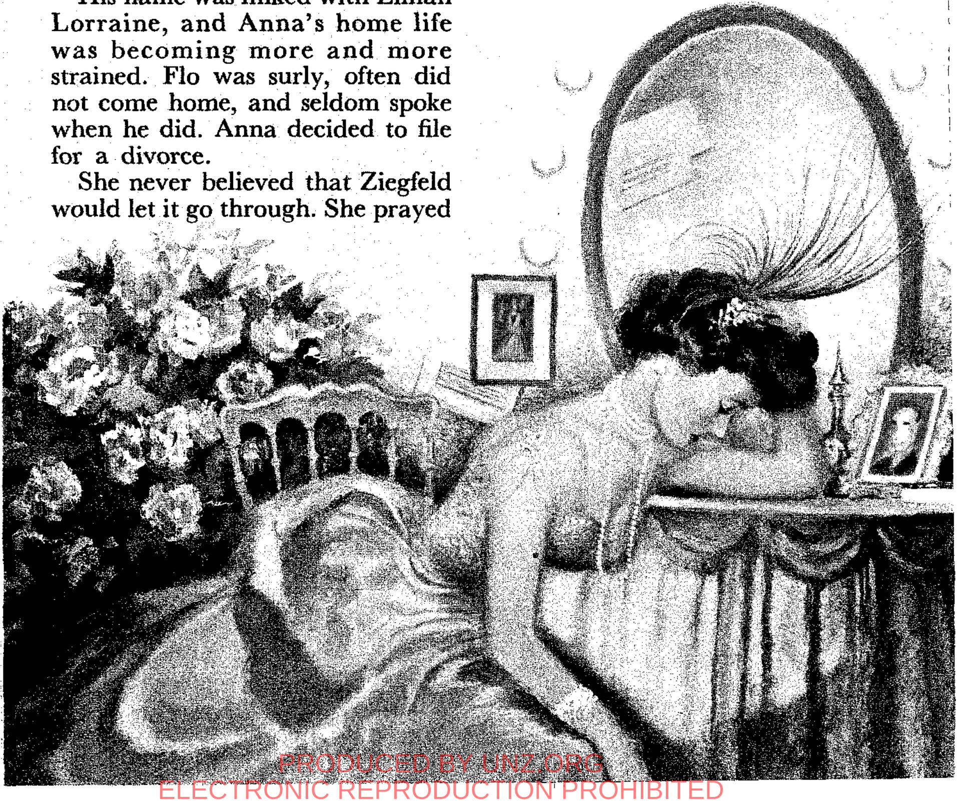
Ziegfeld was well known for his flirtations with other women, as well as for his ability to get in all kinds of money scrapes. Once he sold Anna's services to Lee Shubert, accepted a large advance, then turned around and sold out to Klaw & Erlanger. A suit followed.

His name was linked with Lillian Lorraine, and Anna's home life was becoming more and more strained. Flo was surly, often did not come home, and seldom spoke when he did. Anna decided to file for a divorce.

She never believed that Ziegfeld would let it go through. She prayed he would return, as devoted as ever. He did not come back.

Now a pitiful and incurably lonely woman, Anna locked the memory of Ziegfeld in her heart, and was the first to wish him well. She had been his wife for 16 years, and when she divorced him in 1913 she was at the peak of her fame. She was also a very beloved person, well known for her charity work and donations, for her kindness and help to young players. She carried on with her work, resumed her gay attitude, and went on to make a successful movie at the Morosco Studios—*Madame La Présidente.*

When tragic illness struck her in 1918, the public began to learn of the grief and pain under which she had been working. She collapsed



on the stage in a Milwaukee theater and was rushed to a hospital, where her suffering grew intense. She could not assimilate food; she was powerless to do anything for herself. Physicians finally diagnosed her disease as multiple myeloma, a malignant tumor of the bone marrow.

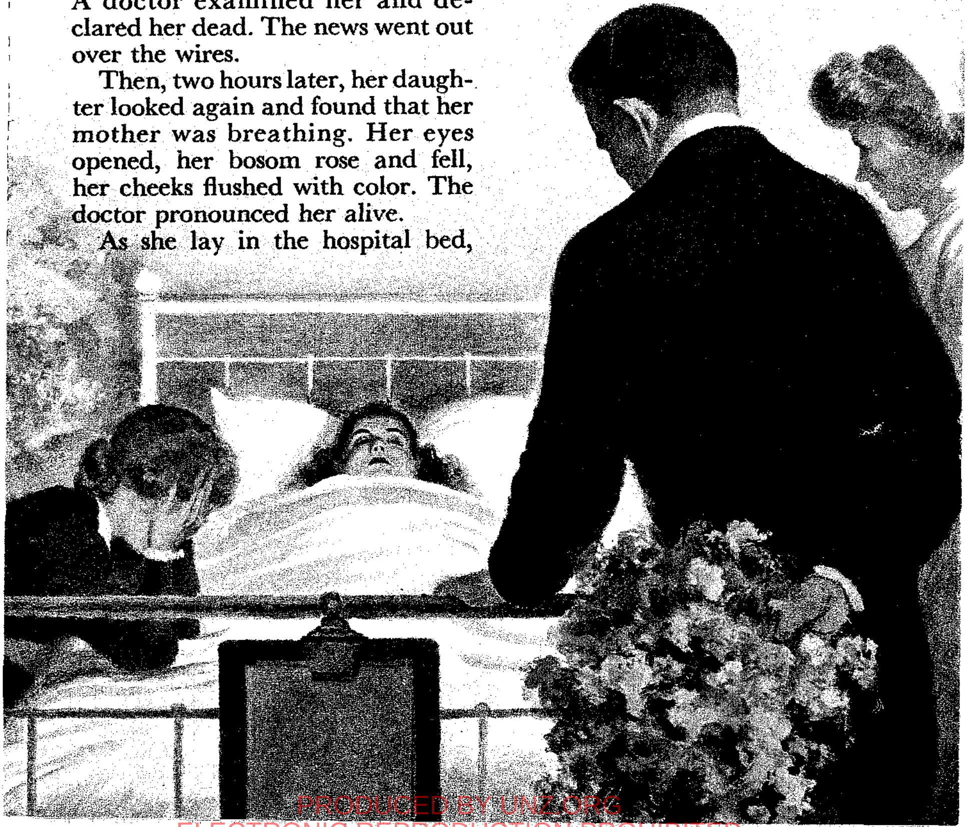
For five months, little Anna lay in direst pain. Her bones cracked at the slightest movement: she was unable to bear the least pressure without suffering torture. Her weight sank from 115 to 85 pounds.

After five months of extreme pain, her body sought relief in an inexplicable case of "suspended animation." On the afternoon of August 12, her daughter saw that her mother had stopped breathing. A doctor examined her and declared her dead. The news went out over the wires.

Then, two hours later, her daughter looked again and found that her mother was breathing. Her eyes opened, her bosom rose and fell, her cheeks flushed with color. The doctor pronounced her alive.

As she lay in the hospital bed, she called constantly for Ziegfeld. But while Lianne sought desperately to locate him, the great Flo was nowhere to be found. Later, when he finally came with an armful of orchids, little Anna was dead.

Anna Held knew far greater fame in death than at any other period of her life. Thousands of stories were written about her strange illness and her even more dramatic death. Upon one thing, however, all were agreed—no one had ever suffered more over such a long period than had tragic little Anna Held. Surely there was no figure more pathetic, more strange, in all the footlight world than the childlike woman whose aura of fame was dimmed by grief and tragedy.



Piedmont's Popular Police

by J. CAMPBELL BRUCE

No citizen's request is too far-fetched for these friendly California cops

IN PIEDMONT, California, if Mrs. Thurmon has a baby, or Mr. Hoag joins the Rotary Club, or Mrs. Rumsey's maid packs off in a huff, these events are duly noted in the police department's master file. If Johnny Hamlin's report card shows a bad month, the department does something about it.

Last summer the Floyd Healeys returned from vacation at dusk and switched on the house lights. Within minutes the police barged in. The Healeys had come home a day early.

Dr. Hewitt H. Robinson lives half a block from the police station, but he has learned never to walk his dog in the dead of night without identification. Otherwise a new cop on the beat will invariably pick him up as a vagrant. The first time, his wife had to get out of bed and go to headquarters to identify him.

An American Gestapo? One woman, fresh from a satellite country, thought so. She stormed into the chief's office and raged about dossiers and secret police.

Chief William V. Pflaum smiled. "We like to know our people so we can serve them better. This is a service department."

And so it is. On a recent morning the desk sergeant got a call from Calistoga, a resort 80 miles upcountry. "This is Mrs. Chedner. I've a dreadful feeling I left the iron on at home."

Shortly an officer was climbing through an upper window of the holidaying Mrs. Chedner's Piedmont home. He pulled the plug on the iron and, as insurance against further calls, checked all other appliances. Then he radioed the sergeant, and the sergeant telephoned

Mrs. Chedner, and Mrs. Chedner breathed a grateful sigh.

One night last winter during a sudden downpour, a woman phoned frantically, "Our roof's leaking!" In most police bureaus this would elicit the retort, "We're not in the roofing business, madam." But Chief Pflaum's service department sent a prowl car and fire truck racing with a huge tarpaulin.

The cops laid aside their holsters and clambered over the roof in the lashing storm. The cottage was soon snug and cozy with the sound of rain on the tarp.

Almost any day you'll hear something like this in the station: "Now don't you worry, Mrs. Wibberley, we'll be there in a jiffy." And then —"Calling car 12: Lockout at 1587 Alta. Will you see if you can get the party in?"

Simple methods failing, a master key—they keep a ring of 300 for such purposes—may do the trick. Or the fire department's small ladder rig may be summoned to reach an open window. As a last resort, they break a window.

Piedmont, picturesque as a town on the Italian Riviera, clings to a steep hillside overlooking San Francisco Bay. Its citizens, delighted with their police department, gladly foot the bill for an 18-man force —about double that of most cities in Piedmont's 11,000-population class.

In return, they reap countless little courtesies and a virtual freedom from crime. The cops—tall, lean, hard-muscled men with a Marine Corps look—are crack marksmen, but they haven't had to fire a shot outside of target practice since 1939. And the chief, 30 years on the force, has never found it necessary to draw his gun in line of duty.

Piedmont is hilly, but it is so compact—less than two square miles in area—that a police radio car can reach a troubled spot in 60 seconds. And cars are on the prowl 24 hours a day. The officers shinny up trees and scramble down steep cliffs after venturesome tykes, repair snarled clotheslines, replace blown fuses, chase garden snakes, retrieve tame Chinese pheasants and pet ducks. One night a timid lady refused to budge from a friend's house until the police coaxed a tail-wagging old bulldog off the porch.

As in any suburban community, burglar scares occur at all hours of the night—a stray animal at the garbage can or a dry vine rubbing against the house. Officers systematically go over the premises, and the reassured tenant snuggles back to sleep. Nor are these idle searches ever annoying.

"We encourage our citizens to call us at any time for any reason," says the chief. "And we always call them back afterward to thank and commend them."

Homeowners elsewhere may take along little anxieties on their vacation: will everything be intact when they return? Piedmonters relax completely on that score. They simply leave a house key and all such worries with the police department, whether it's for a week-end jaunt to the mountains or a summer abroad. They also leave pertinent data—where they're going, when they'll get back, what days the maid or the gardener will be at the house, whom to notify just in case.

And then the cops take over. If they discover a window open, they close it and inspect the whole house. If the gardener left a sprinkler on, they turn it off. They pick up the mail, and if it looks important they forward it. They gather newspapers and laundry bundles off the front porch—invitations to burglars.

"All summer long our headquarters looks like a Chinese laundry," says the chief happily.

Sometimes a friend, unaware the family is out of town, will leave fern-wrapped trout, a brace of wild ducks, venison steaks or a dressed turkey on a doorstep. The policemen collect the package, slip a note under the door, then store the properly tagged gift in the butcher's big cooler across the street from the City Hall.

Neighbors cooperate in the constant watch over vacationers' homes. One day, a moving van backed up to a house whose owner was vacationing in Florida. Tipped off by a neighbor, the police were there before the van driver got the tail gate down. But almost at the same time the chief received an air-mail special delivery letter from Florida vouching for the mover. "He knew quite well," Pflaum says, "that we wouldn't let the van haul away any furniture without that letter."

At 2 o'clock one morning, a householder reported a red glow in a window across the way. No sign of fire was found, but the officers, knowing Piedmont citizens always act in good faith, weren't satisfied. They stood in the exact spot the observer had—and there, in the window across the way, the red glow still shone.

They discovered it was caused by a street light reflecting on a crimson vase. And the officers did what the vacationers had always done when home—pulled the shade.

"Extra surveillance" is the term Chief Pflaum uses for another type of watchdogging. Wedding gifts are guarded while the nuptial party is attending the ceremony at church. If a husband is called away on business, or a couple leaves elderly grandma as baby sitter while they attend the movies, an officer will drop by, if asked, during the evening to see that everything is all right.

PIEDMONTERS never look upon these folksy services lightly, for they know it's all part of Chief Pflaum's crime-prevention program. And so they cheerfully string along with such ideas as the master file and identification cards for everybody in town.

Officers act as official greeters and leave with new residents a handy memo enumerating the department's varied services. They often glean data for the citizens' index from the van driver who delivers the newcomer's household goods. And sometimes their thoroughness can prove astonishing. For instance, one day a stranger walked into Pflaum's office and announced, "My name's Gillam. I—"

"Oh, yes, *George* Gillam," said the chief. "An FBI agent from Chicago. Just moved in down on Ricardo Avenue. Nice family—lovely wife and two daughters. I see your furniture stood the long haul all right, and so did your car."

Gillam stood there astounded. Like all FBI men, he prided himself on the secrecy of his identity and movements. Yet he had been in town scarcely two hours and had spoken to no one. Later, in talks to law-enforcement groups, he always cited this incident as an example of superb police work.

So far the chief has issued 3,500 of his identification cards. Backed up by fingerprints, they certify the bearer is a resident of the City of Piedmont, State of California, United States of America—and in case of emergency notify the Piedmont Police Department.

"Our hardest job is breaking down the prejudice against fingerprinting," says Pflaum, "even though it's such a positive and quick identification."

Housewives endorse the chief's tough policy toward solicitors, and they request every doorbell ringer to produce credentials. "Nobody," says the chief, "comes in here cold turkey and gets a permit to knock on Piedmont doors."

The applicant must give *five* character references and be fingerprinted, then wait 15 days. If the fingerprints reveal a clear record—or a youthful slip but a clean slate in adult years—he gets the permit. But if the record turns up a past burglary or theft, the answer is No.

Juvenile delinquency is extremely rare in Piedmont. One reason: the chief keeps a steady eye on a good index to such trouble—each child's progress in school. A report card is perhaps of greater concern to the police department than it is to the parents

Jimmy, an "A" student, suddenly drops to a "D" average. This is considered a significant barometer, indicating an outside interest; not always bad, not always good. When it happens, Lawrence Bolenbaugh, dean of boys at the high school, confers with Sergeant Lou Guider, police juvenile officer. Then Guider sets about winning Jimmy's confidence, and eventually has a man-to-man talk with him.

"Quite often," says Bolenbaugh, "it's a family disturbance. The boy gets an idea his parents no longer care for him, and he feels out of touch with things. We may try him in the traffic patrol, and that frequently is the answer to the problem. He blooms right out, for now he knows he belongs. And his grades shoot up again."

The chief's crime-prevention program is successful. Piedmont has experienced only three major crimes in the past 15 years, a record that criminologists consider remarkable for a city this size. Vice has never got a toe hold, and incipient bookmaking is nipped by a close check on all telephone installations.

ONCE A DAPPER gentleman announced he was renting a large house to operate a private poker club, legal under California law. The chief accurately sized him up as a racketeer and announced in turn, "No, you don't. We'll camp on your doorstep till we get something on you. Then we'll run you out of town."

The club didn't open.

Chief Pflaum, a six-footer who believes a paunch-heavy policeman is apt to become lazy, sets an example for his men: at 56 he's a trim 160 pounds. He has had occasions in his career verging on gunplay, but he "always managed to talk the other fellow out of it."

He comes by this persuasiveness naturally. Before he joined the Piedmont force—as an intended stopgap job during the hard times of the early '20's—he had been a traveling salesman.

After 30 years in harness he still doesn't look like a cop. Everything about him evinces a fastidious make-up; the rimless glasses, the cigar in an ebony holder, the double-breasted suit, printed silk tie and straw skimmer—sartorial reminders of his drummer days.

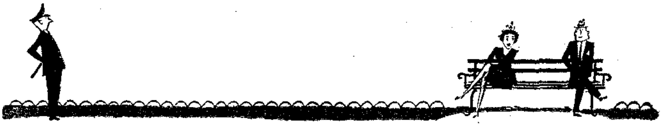
When he became chief 14 years ago, his first task was to weed out the boys with badge-itis. "And then I screened all applicants myself, for graft and corruption result from improper screening. Take 10 men off the street, all physically perfect—only one will make a good cop."

"An ideal police officer must have charity toward people in trouble, and an abiding respect for the law. You can't *train* a man in these things. They're habit patterns fixed in childhood."

Chief Pflaum deplores the popular notion that all cops are schizophrenics in uniform, clubbing the innocent with one hand and with the other pawing illicit wealth from the underworld.

"You hear of the scandals because they make headlines in the newspapers. But of the 150,000 police officers in the United States, the majority are men of unshakable integrity. An aroused public opinion could clean out the others."

In the chief's bailiwick, at any rate, an alert, courteous police force pays off. Lawbreakers are so scarce that the food bill for the jail runs less than $1.50 a month—half the cost of the ice cream the cops buy for lost tots.



Obstacles! Obstacles! Obstacles!

A PRETTY GIRL sat alone on a park bench. Nearby a policeman patrolled his beat. By and by a young man strolled along and casually seated himself beside the girl. The cop approached the bench and eying the man suspiciously asked: "Is this guy annoying you, miss?"

"No," was the reply, "but maybe he would if you'd go away."

—RAYMOND DREYFACK

EXPLAINED THE girl who had sauntered into work quite late one morning, "The reason I was delayed was because there was a man following me." When the boss expressed the opinion that he didn't see what difference that would make, she countered with, "But he was walking so slow it took him so long to catch up."

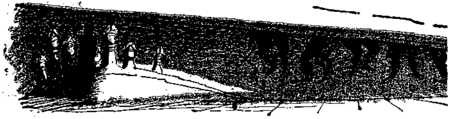
—*Pipe Dreams*

THE FAMILY WAS objecting to its son's girl, insisting that he ought to be a little more particular about the feminine company he was keeping.

"I'm sorry, Dad," said the boy, "but that's the best girl I can get with the car we've got."

—*Hoard's Dairyman*

IRON CURTAIN



WHILE INSPECTING a new hospital, the Czechoslovakian Minister of Health observed a group of men banging their heads against the wall and asked who they were and why they acted that way.

"Those," explained the escorting doctor, "are just men who returned from abroad." —John Smith

COMRADE PETROV, vice-commissar of the Bureau of Supply, explained to a group of visitors in Moscow, "When there is food in the villages and none in the cities—like today, alas—that is right deviation. Should we ever reach the point where there was food in the cities and none in the villages, that would be left deviation."

Ivan, a puzzled guest from Czechoslovakia, interrupted, "What if there were food both in the cities *and* the villages?"

"That, Comrade," snapped the vice-commissar, "would be capitalist propaganda."

—Bennett Cerf, *Laughter, Inc.* (Garden City)

THE BULGARIAN Ministry of the Interior announces that in order to save paper, the names of arrested officials will no longer be published. This procedure will be replaced by the publication of the names of officials who have not yet been arrested.

THE RUSSIAN city now known as Leningrad was called St. Petersburg before World War I. During World War I it was called Petrograd. Afterward it was called Leningrad, as it is today.

A resident of the city was being polled by the Communists. The questioning ran as follows:

"Where did you live before the first World War?"

"St. Petersburg."

"Where did you live during that war?"

"Petrograd."

"Where do you live now?"

"Leningrad."

"Where would you like to live?"

"St. Petersburg." —*Voice of America*

THE YOUNG people of the Soviet zone of Germany who came to Berlin for a recent Communist rally had a wealth of jokes which left no doubt as to their real feelings.

One is about a teacher telling her pupils of Nero, the Roman Emperor. To entice their interest she first omits the name.

"He was a cruel man," she says, "a ruler who did nothing but evil, who persecuted the Christians . . ."

All aroused at this point, one who belongs to a Red youth brigade gets up and shouts: "Teacher, if you go any further, I'll have to report you!" —*Extension*

CZECHOSLOVAKIAN Communists were conducting a purge. An old gypsy was brought before the commissar. "How long," asked the commissar, "have you been a member of the Party?"

"Many years, Commissar."

"And your father?"

"Oh, he was a member too, and

RAISERS

my grandfather, and my great-grandfather."

"Now listen," said the commissar dubiously, "back in those days there was no Party."

"Oh, that didn't make any difference," replied the gypsy. "We were stealing anyway." —*Quote*

A TROUBLED COMRADE wrote his superior: "It is becoming increasingly difficult to reach the downtrodden masses in America. In the spring they are forever polishing their cars. In the summer they take vacations. In the fall they go to football games. And in the winter you can't get them away from their television sets. Please give me suggestions on how to let them know how oppressed they really are." —*Future*

A SOVIET OFFICIAL says it's impossible for Russia to have an economic depression. It's also next to impossible for a person to fall out of a well. —*Grit*

"DID YOU SEE IN the paper where Slobinski was arrested yesterday for reading capitalistic literature?" the Commie asked.

"No," answered his friend, "but I did notice his obituary on page four." —*Wall Street Journal*

ON THE BULLETIN BOARD of a state-owned factory in the Soviet sector of Berlin appeared this notice: "When it becomes necessary, we shall march in the ranks of the glorious Red Army to defend the peace." Signed THE MANAGEMENT.

The following day this postscript appeared: "Have fun!" Signed THE EMPLOYEES. —PAUL STEINER

A SALESGIRL working in a Czechoslovakian bookstore used current book titles in a window display. These titles were arranged one below the other:

We Want to Live
Far From Moscow
In the Shadows of Skyscrapers
Under a Foreign Flag

The salesgirl was arrested. —*National Committee for a Free Europe*

IN A HUNGARIAN industrial center, walls are covered nightly with anti-Stalin inscriptions. Furious Reds, tired of wiping off the chalkings, wrote one day in their place: "Why don't you do this in broad daylight, you cowardly curs!"

Next morning there was an answer: "Sorry, but in the daylight we are too busy parading with you fellows!"

A BEREAVED FAMILY in Prague published the customary death notice in a newspaper. It ran:

"God the Almighty having seen fit to call to a better realm our beloved son . . ."

The following day the entire family was sent to a slave labor camp. The secret police charged them with "grumbling" about conditions and "slandering the state." —LASZLO FODOR *Stalin's Lie* (*Picturight, Inc.*)

Nerves Can Ruin Love and Marriage

by FRANK S. CAPRIO, M.D.

Some basic rules for husbands and wives who cherish happiness

WHY IS IT THAT so many marriages end in divorce? Because both husband and wife prove to be *neurotic* and consequently are unable to tolerate each other's shortcomings. Continually they get on one another's nerves.

All neurotics have one thing in common—emotional immaturity. It explains why the childlike behavior of a wife or a husband taxes the nerves of the other partner beyond endurance.

Persons who find themselves in such a marriage do one of several things: (a) They make martyrs of themselves, suffer in their unhappiness, and do nothing to improve a situation that becomes more and more intolerable. Something usually happens. The wife or husband has a nervous breakdown or goes to the family physician with various health complaints, not knowing that these ailments are disguised expressions of marital unhappiness.

(b) They keep their marriage intact, but live in separate worlds. Their physical relations become infrequent. The husband finds an outlet for domestic frustrations through philandering, which he conceals, or the wife tries to justify infidelity on the basis that she is not appreciated and loved at home.

(c) They seek a divorce, only to discover later that it was not the answer. More than likely they find unhappiness in a subsequent marriage because they are blind to the fact that the root-cause of their difficulty lies within themselves.

A middle-aged man recently sought advice because he felt "irritable and nervous." During the initial interview, he blinked his eyes frequently and contorted his facial muscles. "My eyes bother me a great deal," he complained. "When I read, it affects my throat. The muscles of my face tighten up. There must be something wrong with my nerves. When I feel this way, I get irritable and find fault with everything my wife does."

His case history revealed the cause of his problem. His wife, after the birth of their second child, began

From *Living in Balance*, by Frank S. Caprio, M.D. Copyright, 1952, by the author, and published by The Arundel Press, Inc., Washington, D.C.

manifesting an aversion for sex. She admitted that she had become frigid, and fulfilled her physical obligations only as a duty. The husband became more and more disinterested, to a point of becoming sexually inadequate. His impotence was a reaction to his wife's frigidity.

Because of this situation, their unhappiness increased. They quarreled frequently over trivialities and lost the romantic feeling they once had for each other. His eye symptom proved to be a disguised expression of his inability to see his way out of his marital predicament.

To solve their problem, his wife lent her cooperation by becoming physically more responsive. This naturally pleased her husband. After several months of improvement in their physical relations, the nervous eye trouble disappeared.

Crisis in Middle Years

A couple sought my advice because of frequent clashes. Mrs. B. complained that her husband didn't love her as much as he formerly did. He was spending more time at the club, paid less attention to the children, and seldom took her out to social functions.

Mr. B. claimed that he had noticed a definite change in his wife—she complained constantly of not feeling well, criticized everything he did, and accused him of no longer loving her. He had her examined by several doctors and was told she was going through the menopause, and that he had to expect a certain change in her personality.

Women in their middle years often develop a condition characterized by emotional instability, frequent crying spells, undue fatigue, dissatisfaction with everything, spells of depression, and a feeling that everything is hopeless, that they have lost their husband's love. These unhappy symptoms are brought on by feelings of self-pity, a loss of confidence in themselves, by frustrations in their relationship to their husband, and their inability to adjust well to glandular changes.

Men also go through an equivalent of the female menopause. Some become grumpy, serious-minded, and complain of numerous ailments. Unable to recognize the source of their trouble, they get on the nerves of the other person.

One problem that confronted the B's also confronts thousands of couples. They keep agitating each other until an explosion occurs. Marriage then becomes a survival of the fittest. The person with the weakest nervous system breaks down. When marriage becomes such a battleground, tragic consequences are almost certain to follow.

Four Types of Wives

The various types of neurotic wives may be recognized by studying the personality traits common to each type. These women fall into four groups:

1. *The anti-male wife.*

This describes the large group of women who subconsciously derive satisfaction from protesting against everything a man says or does. A marriage with a woman of this kind becomes a competitive struggle for supremacy. Overaggressiveness is her outstanding fault.

Obsessed with an urge to dominate the male sex, she is innately argumentative. Whether or not she pursues a career, her husband occupies a secondary role in her life.

A husband once told me: "My wife can't be bothered with a home and having children. She claims it would interfere with her career. She likes to travel, likes to see new faces, and doesn't want to be reminded of her marital obligations."

Regarding physical relationship with their husbands, they fulfill sexual obligations from a sense of duty rather than a desired gratification. Frigidity, therefore, is common to this type of wife. Psychologically and emotionally, these women are still virgin-wives.

2. *The emotionally unstable wife.*

This type is endowed with a health-complaining (hypochondriacal) disposition. She goes from one doctor to another, seeking a cure for many ailments. Her mental conflicts have become converted into physical symptoms, but no one can convince her that there is nothing wrong with her health.

Wives in this group may suffer from morbid fears, nervous indigestion, panic states, headaches, weakness, dizziness and a host of other symptoms. They laugh loudly, cry easily and faint at will. They are the "can't take it" type.

3. *The attention-getting wife.*

This type is in love with herself. If she is beautiful, she spends her time looking into mirrors. She becomes a beauty-parlor addict and is overconcerned about her hair, her nails, face, figure and clothes. If she is not naturally glamorous, she may overcompensate by devoting most of her time to her appearance.

A husband of one of my patients declared that he would never again marry a beautiful woman. His ex-wife had been a professional model. He described her utter lack of response to sexual love. All through her childhood she was told how beautiful she was, with the result that she never got over her vanity.

4. *The family-slave wife.*

Wives belonging to this group run home to "mama" when the husband becomes thoughtless or abusive. They have never been able to detach themselves emotionally from their relatives. They have a parent-fixation and are constantly consulting their parents, with the result that the husband becomes an aspirin addict as a result of mother-in-law headaches.

Because of domestic incompetency, this type of wife becomes a liability in the home. Spoiled by her parents, she continues to be spoiled by a husband who feels sorry for her. Actually she wants to remain a child. To grow up and develop emotional maturity entails too much effort.

Four Types of Husbands

My experience with wives seeking guidance has led me to the conviction that there are four major types of husbands. They can be placed in one of two general categories: (a) the masculine-aggressive group; (b) the effeminate-passive group. And under these two groups are good and bad types.

1. *The masculine-aggressive group.*

He has a balanced personality and is capable of getting along with almost anyone. He says the right thing at the right time. He doesn't bully his wife or make her feel he is dominating her, yet is dynamic and progressive, and radiates a feeling of confidence.

There is no selfish motive behind

his plans. He is even-tempered, and discusses rather than argues controversial issues. He remembers to compliment his wife's cooking, and praises her in the presence of others; remembers birthdays and anniversaries. He makes home life enjoyable and allows his wife to feel she is the inspiration behind his success. He proves that he can achieve a mutually satisfying sexual adjustment. Moreover, he has a sense of humor and can appreciate a woman's viewpoint in everything.

You might stop me here and accuse me of describing the "perfect" husband—a myth of a man that doesn't exist. Not at all. This type is not the goody-goody person who has no faults. He is real and human: he loves adventure and takes risks without being foolhardy. He can relish a good joke, may enjoy his liquor, has an eye for beauty, but prefers not to complicate his marriage either by alcohol or by philandering.

A good husband, however, need not meet *all* these qualifications. But if he possesses or strives to achieve at least fifty percent of them, the success of his marriage is well assured, provided of course that his wife likewise is also a fine and lovable person.

The bad type of this aggressive group is the egotistical one. He is self-centered and demanding. His wife is expected to conform to all his plans. He marries for convenience, for the gratification of his hunger and sex instincts. He likes to bully his wife; gives vent to outbursts of anger, and thinks a woman's activities should be confined to the kitchen and bedroom.

Not many husbands are so unfortunate as to have all of these bad qualities, but if a man has a large percentage of them, it is high time for an overhauling of his personality before he becomes an unbearable neurotic.

2. *Effeminate-passive group.*

The good type may be called the philosopher type. This kind of husband is also the "ideal" type. He has an understanding philosophy. He thinks that a man who argues with a woman is a fool. He has learned from experience that flattery pays bigger dividends than criticism, so he modestly remains in the background.

This type of husband generally gets along with any kind of wife—the meek or submissive type as well as the aggressive type. He does little complaining—makes of his marriage a lifelong honeymoon, and treats his wife like a companionable sweetheart.

His marriage may be successful or it may not. Not all women respect this milder type of man. Unless his kindliness is melded with a certain amount of firmness, an intelligent wife may resent his passive masculinity and may be attracted to what she terms a real "he man," who bullies her while he makes love. Or she may simply leave him because he is unexciting and a bore.

The spoiled-child type of the effeminate group we may term bad. He has never been able to detach himself from his mother's apron strings. He is usually shy and fears responsibility. He is extremely sensitive, and prone to sulk when his feelings have been hurt. When he is sick in bed, he requires a lot of attention and "motherly" affection.

In his love-making he is clumsy

or inadequate—or may be suffering from a sexual disorder of some kind. He either overindulges his wife at inappropriate times, or goes to the other extreme and becomes sexually uninterested.

Rules for Happiness

Now, what can be done about the types of wives and husbands described above? While an entire book can be written on how to avoid marital friction, there are a few rules which are generally applicable to men and women who want to keep their marriages from going on the rocks.

First, avoid unpleasant conversation. It takes two people to make an argument. If you can't discuss your differences while keeping your emotions under control, don't discuss them at all. Usually they are of little importance, anyhow. At least wait until you have cooled off, or have trained yourself to speak without being abusive and personal.

Second, try to understand the psychology of the other sex. There are characteristics of both sexes that have been handed down to us since the beginning of time. For example, most men like to feel important. They like to be flattered and inspired. Many women make the fatal mistake of belittling their husbands, instead of letting them feel they are the most important person in the family. Normal women do not wish to dominate a man. Most of them prefer to regard their husbands as their protectors.

There are things common to women which men fail to appreciate. Women want to feel secure. You can't abuse a wife and get away with it. They want to be treated as sweethearts and complimented occasionally. Material security is not enough. They want to feel loved and be made to believe that they are responsible in part for their husband's success.

Third, if there is any sexual incompatibility present, something should be done about it. Couples who don't get along physically are usually the ones who are constantly bickering. A frigid wife is apt to be difficult to live with. A husband who is sexually inadequate may become a whiner, always complaining about his poor health.

There is no excuse today for sexual unhappiness. There are plenty of books which contain scientific information, and psychiatrists are available to help you if your sexual problem is a complicated one. Neurotics, paradoxically enough, enjoy remaining in an intolerable situation, doing nothing about their sexual frustrations.

Fourth, marriage is a fifty-fifty proposition. It implies cooperation and not a competitive struggle for supremacy. You can't mold the other person into your way of thinking about everything. Despite the fact that there is a husband-wife relationship, each is still a free-thinking individual, and entitled to preserve certain rights as a person.

Fifth, complain as little as you can. The average person rebels against people who are always fault-finding, who are continually running to doctors, who gripe about their jobs and their responsibilities at home. Normal people plan in silence, and remedy situations that become trying. It's better to do something about something than to complain and do nothing.

Finally, to be happy, you must find yourself in relationship to people and the world about you. You should not depend for your happiness entirely upon the other person. You should cultivate sufficient outside interests to make your married life stimulating.

Learn to read books, listen to music, develop a hobby, join a club, take a course at some university—do something. Unhappy people in marriage are lazy. They always have an excuse for unhappiness. The majority will tell you· "My whole life would have been different if I had married someone else."

One must guard against alibis of this kind. Too many neurotic husbands and wives take the attitude that they are doomed to unhappiness because the other partner will not change. They must change themselves before they can expect a change in others. If you wish to improve your marital situation, you must ask yourself if you have done your best to make the marriage a success. If your best has not worked, then you are justified in seeking the help of someone who can help you.

TODAY, 20 out of every 100 new marriages end in divorce. Many of these divorces can be prevented, provided the partners are able to face their difficulties realistically and are willing to make necessary concessions.

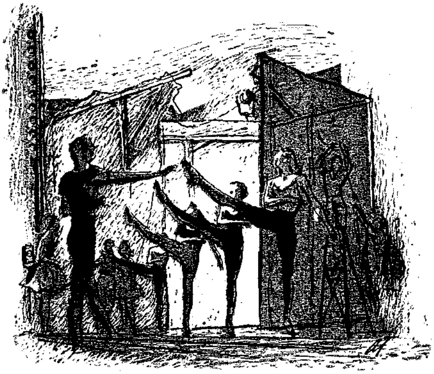
Above all, they must be willing to accept their own responsibility for the incompatible relations. An unhappy marriage is seldom a one-sided affair. It is two people getting on each other's nerves, and both partners may need guidance if their love and their marriage are not to be ruined beyond repair

The Way

RELIGION ALWAYS finds a way. A story that comes out of World War II tells of three soldiers—one Protestant, another a Catholic and another a Jew—who were moving up toward the front line when a stray shell struck the Protestant and killed him. His two buddies went into a nearby parish house and asked the priest to bury their friend. He told them that he would be glad to perform the last rites, but the boy could not be buried inside the cemetery because it was consecrated for those of the Catholic faith. But he would bury him just outside the fence, as near the holy ground as possible. A few weeks later, they stopped by the parish house and asked to see their friend's last resting place. The priest led them to the cemetery and, to their surprise, showed them a plot of ground just inside the fence. In wonderment, they asked whether this really was the grave of their buddy. The priest smiled. "Yes, this is the grave of your friend. You see, I was not allowed to move his body but there was nothing to prevent me from moving the fence."

—LOUIS BINSTOCK, *The Power of Faith* (Prentice-Hall, Inc.)

Their good deeds have taught Bloomfield a lesson in citizenship



Jersey's Teen-age Samaritans

by GLENN D. KITTLER

THE SHOCKING NEWS about young Charles Seller stunned his many friends in Bloomfield, New Jersey. Running for a train on a summer morning in 1950, he slipped and fell under it. Hours later he was in a hospital, his right leg amputated above the knee.

That night, a group of his high-school classmates sat in Wassel's, a local soda shop.

"We've got to do something for Charlie," Frank Oglesby said. "This accident is going to cost a lot of money. And now Charlie won't be able to go to college, as he planned. Let's talk to the gang about it."

Next night, a crowd of teen-agers assembled on the Public Library steps. Everybody agreed that something had to be done for Charlie Seller. But what?

"We could have a block party," someone suggested. This was voted down by the group. So was the idea of a dance.

Oglesby, Charlie's best friend, spoke up. "It's got to be something in which we all participate. And we must give people something for their money."

"Then let's do a show!"

Immediately, murmurs of assent rose from the crowd. Many of the teen-agers were members of choral and drama groups, and welcomed such a summer activity. Here was a way to help Charlie with their own talents, and give contributors their money's worth.

In a few minutes, the people of Bloomfield witnessed a strange procession: a delegation appointed by the teen-agers left the Library steps and hurried through the streets to the home of Mrs. Jay Martin, Jr. As a former teacher of public speaking and director of the school plays, she seemed the best person to advise them on their project.

Oglesby told Mrs. Martin what had been decided. "That's fine," she said. "Let's go to work!"

By noon next day, everybody in Bloomfield knew that the town's teen-agers had begun an ambitious crusade to help one of their friends.

They rented the Junior High School auditorium, lined up program advertising and borrowed props from the local merchants. Mayor Donald Scott bought the first ticket, then he and the town council authorized erection of a box office in the heart of the business district.

The original group of 60 teen-agers expanded to 300. Everybody had a job, everybody worked. Committees were appointed, including a Dirty Work Committee for tasks that did not fall into the regular categories. The script was prepared and cast, an orchestra assembled, rehearsals begun.

Meanwhile, Frank Oglesby visited Charles Seller every night and reported the progress of "Talent Time"—the name the teen-agers gave their production.

Charlie, an average student, had been feature editor of the school paper and a member of the choral group, but he felt there was nothing in that to merit what was happening. After graduation, he had taken a summer job with a Newark insurance company to earn his college tuition. It was while hurrying to work that he had been injured.

As he listened to Frank's reports, he could only whisper what all of Bloomfield was saying: "Gosh, they're swell kids!"

IN AUGUST, three weeks after Charlie's accident, the teen-agers gave four performances of "Talent Time" to packed houses. Later, a committee presented Charlie with the profits and contributions—a total of $4,600.

But something had happened in Bloomfield that could not be ended by a final curtain. A suburban community, many of whose citizens felt no strong civic spirit, Bloomfield was just another town lost in the fringe of massive, metropolitan New York. Now all this changed.

Suddenly, the town had a new and vibrant personality. Through the united efforts of the teen-agers, families in the same block were being brought together for the first time; strangers began chatting about the splendid work the youngsters were doing; hundreds of new friendships were formed.

But with the show for Charlie Seller over, the inspiring new town spirit somehow seemed to have lost its incentive.

"Why must it end?" the teen-agers asked. "Let's do this every summer. Certainly we can find one person a year to help."

To top it off, Charlie Seller walked into Talent Time, Inc., headquarters. His friends gathered around him to applaud the ease with which he managed his artificial limb.

"I've got my budget all figured out," he told them, "and I've got $500 left over. I want to give it to you, so you can keep 'Talent Time' going."

Immediately, the old heart-warming excitement was back. In the autumn of 1950, the teen-agers reassembled and began planning another show. The town recreation commission gave them the use of a building for their headquarters. Adult advisers helped "Talent Time" incorporate into the "Charles Sellers Foundation," dedicated to assist other young people. Once again, Bloomfield came alive.

They found a new beneficiary in William E. Hannah, then 21, who had for six years suffered increasing paralysis caused by an acute case of rheumatoid arthritis. Completely bedridden, Bill had once been a Bloomfield High student.

One day, several teen-agers visited the New Jersey Rehabilitation Commission to discuss what they could do for Bill Hannah. Records were checked, and the Commission announced that Bill was entitled to partial state assistance.

"Okay," the youngsters said. "We'll pay for everything else and supply the necessary blood."

Meanwhile, Dr. John G. Kuhns of the Robert B. Brigham Hospital in Boston, examined Bill and felt that an operation might help him. Dr. Kuhns offered his services without charge.

Last August, as Bill lay in the Boston hospital recovering from a successful operation, the young people of Bloomfield were presenting their second production in the high school auditorium. In three performances, they raised more than $3,000 to pay his hospital bills.

On stage, singing and acting in the skits, was Charlie Seller. And he was among the first to greet Bill when the latter walked from the train on his return to Bloomfield—his first steps in five years.

This August, the teen-age Samaritans of Bloomfield will again perform for the benefit of one of their friends. Charlie Seller and Bill Hannah will be there, perhaps a little more anxious than the others for another "Talent Time" hit—and understandably so.

Bloomfield adults remember the remark made the night their youngsters decided to raise funds through a show: "We must give people something for their money."

They did more than that. "The return on our investment of ticket purchases has been immeasurable," says Bloomfield's Mayor Scott. "Besides helping their friends, our teen-agers are teaching us a lesson in citizenship that we shall never be able to repay."

Eager Engineer

On a Friday morning, an eager young man, recently graduated from Stanford University, stood before Louis Janin. He, too, wanted to become a mining engineer, the young man explained, and thought the best place to perfect himself was in Janin's office.

"All I need right now," said Janin regretfully, "is a stenographer."

"A stenographer?" said the eager applicant. "I'll take the job. I can't come for a few days, but I'll be here Tuesday."

"Why couldn't you come until Tuesday?" Janin asked the new employee when he reported for work.

"I had to rent a typewriter and learn to use it," he explained.

"I think you'll do," Janin smiled. "What did you say your name was?"

The reply: "Herbert Hoover."

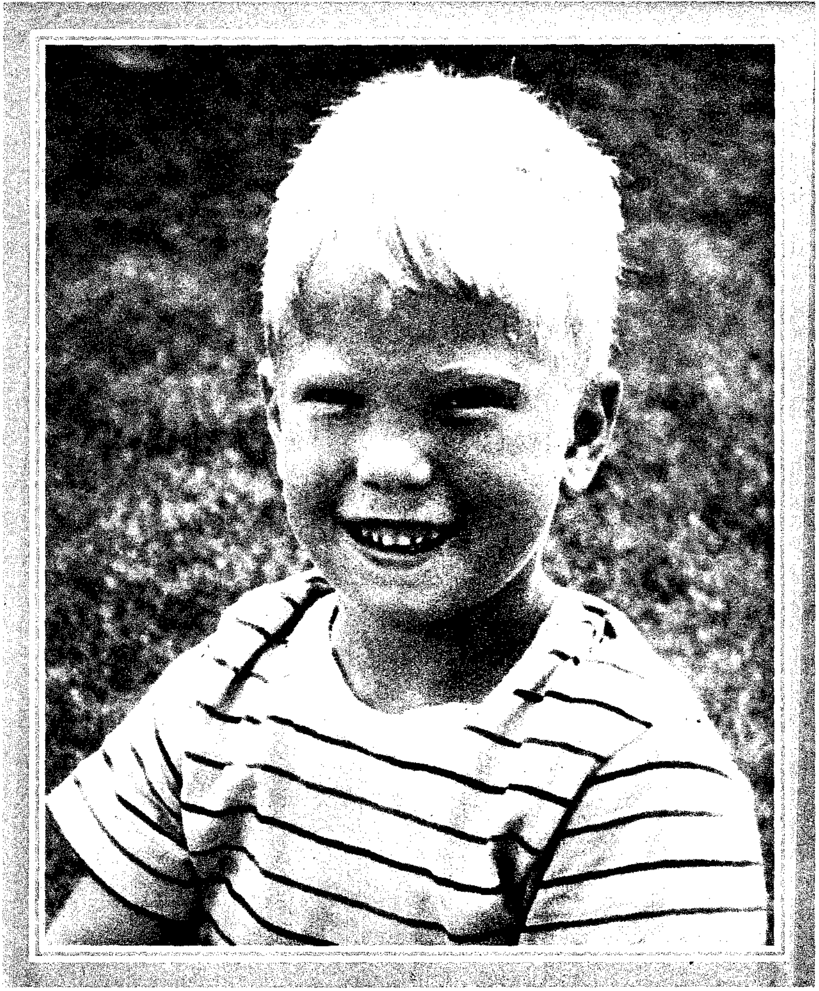
—*Christian Science Monitor*

♛ Picture Story

What I Know About Boys

by LOUIS REDMOND

THIS IS A picture of something called a Boy. A boy is an inexpensive device for pulling legs off chairs, leaving fingerprints in paint, falling into ponds and correcting pomposity in his elders. Although seldom observed at rest, Boys may be recognized by their darting flight, their mud-colored plumage and their characteristic cry, resembling a kazoo heard through a public-address system. Good places to look for Boys are sand lots, marshes and rafters of buildings under construction.



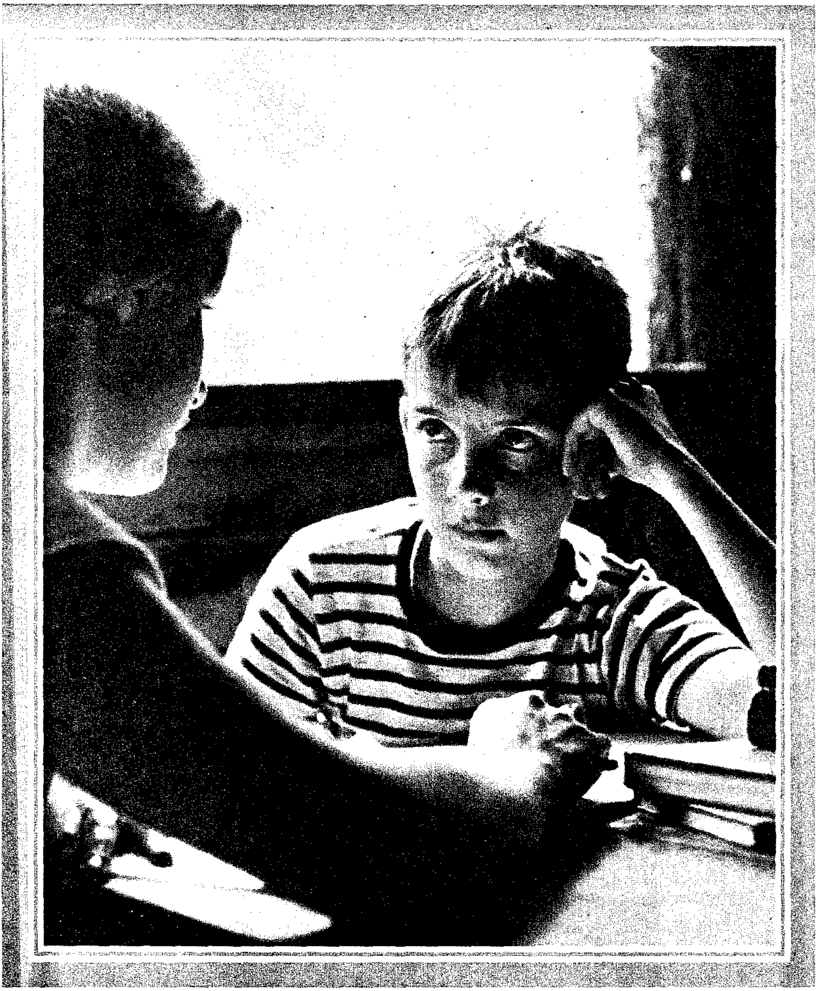
IN CONTRAST TO Little Girls, whose minds are filled with winding corridors, Boys are easy to understand. They wear their motives on their faces. Their minds move in straight lines, either forward or backward. They say exactly what they mean or exactly the opposite. Because the gift of indirection, or Spiral Reasoning, is so rare among Boys, the few individuals in whom it appears are considered marked out for lustrous careers known as Diplomacy and Politics. Even with special training, however, they are obliged to resort to technical terms in order to conceal their meaning, to the secret amusement of women, who manage to be unclear with the simplest of words.

BOYS HAVE A natural insight into the Soul of the Machine. They know that the normal state of any mechanical device is Out of Order. Consequently, a Boy's first impulse with a new toy is to find out what is, or will soon be, wrong with it. Unfortunately, the Machine in its cunning sometimes lets itself be repaired, and the false confidence which Boys get as a result makes them easy victims for the rest of their lives. It is no rare sight to find a man pretending to understand a car salesman's explanation of a motor, or even buying the car rather than admit he doesn't know what "compression ratio" means. This is what comes of being Clever About Machinery.

THE BIGGEST and sportiest fish on record have been caught by Boys. Perch and sunnies commonly reach a weight of thirty or forty pounds in the waters where Boys fish, and the mild-mannered flounder fights more viciously than a tiger shark. It is no Boy's fault that these species show an astonishing tendency to shrink while being carried home. After catching a fish, a Boy often develops a deep admiration for it, and keeps it on display in the refrigerator for a week or more before he will allow it to be cooked. The curious indifference which most adult fishermen show toward the taste of fish can probably be traced back to this circumstance of earlier days.

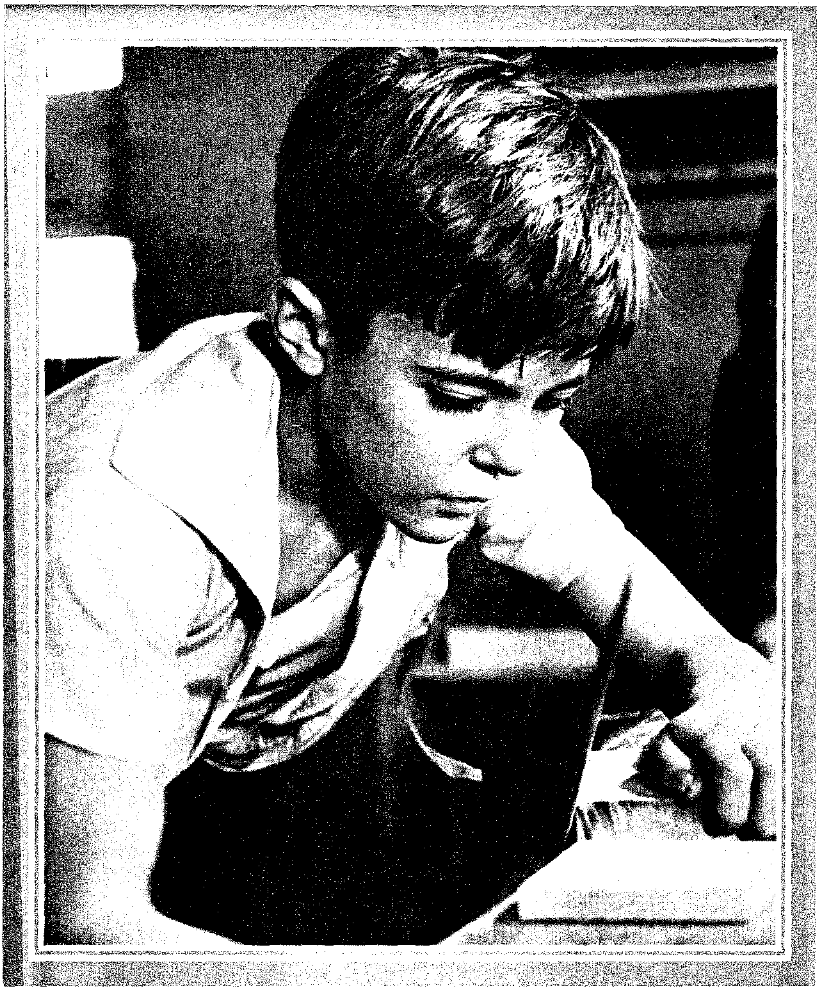
ALTHOUGH BOYS outwardly resemble People, their anatomy is such that they are unable to sit or stand for any length of time in the normal, or Human, position. A Boy who has been forced to do so is likely to erupt with great violence. The natural way for a Boy to stand is on the sides of his shoes, or with the heel of one shoe on the toe of the other. The heel is then rotated slowly with a grinding motion. In time, this causes a perforation in the shoe, allowing the foot to breathe naturally. Boys not only breathe through their shoes, but through their knees, elbows and trouser seats as well—a fact to which clothing manufacturers have not given due attention.

TO PROTECT ITSELF from the crushing vigor of Boys, adult society sentences them to spend several hours a day in restraining institutions, or Schools. A School is a place where a Boy who has no difficulty in spelling "superjet" finds it impossible to learn to spell "cat." Some new Schools have tried to disguise themselves by using glass walls instead of brick, but they cannot conceal their true character from Boys. Any Boy who is seen at about eight-thirty in the morning, dragging himself along as if he were very sick, is going to School. A Boy who is seen running with the speed of light in the opposite direction is one who has decided he is Too Sick to Go to School That Day.

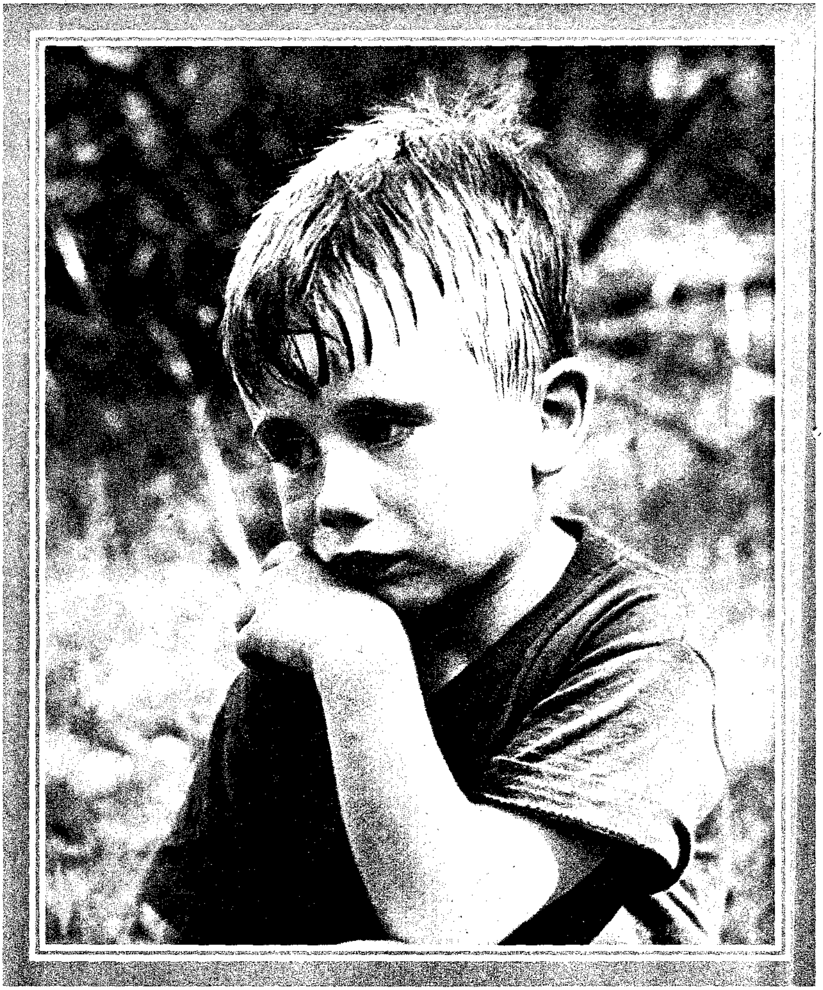


SCHOOL, HAVING waited in vain for Boys to adjust themselves to it, is now trying to adjust itself to Boys. This movement is called Understanding the Needs of the Developing Mind. It represents a real threat to Boys, whose principal Need is to keep their teachers off balance. So far, Boys have managed to stay a jump ahead of the efforts of educational experts to understand them. No expert is really sure he knows, for example, why a Boy will start to spell a word right, then check himself in a panic, and confidently spell it wrong. Nor can any arithmetic book explain how a Boy can divide a candy bar into two equal halves and keep the bigger half for himself.

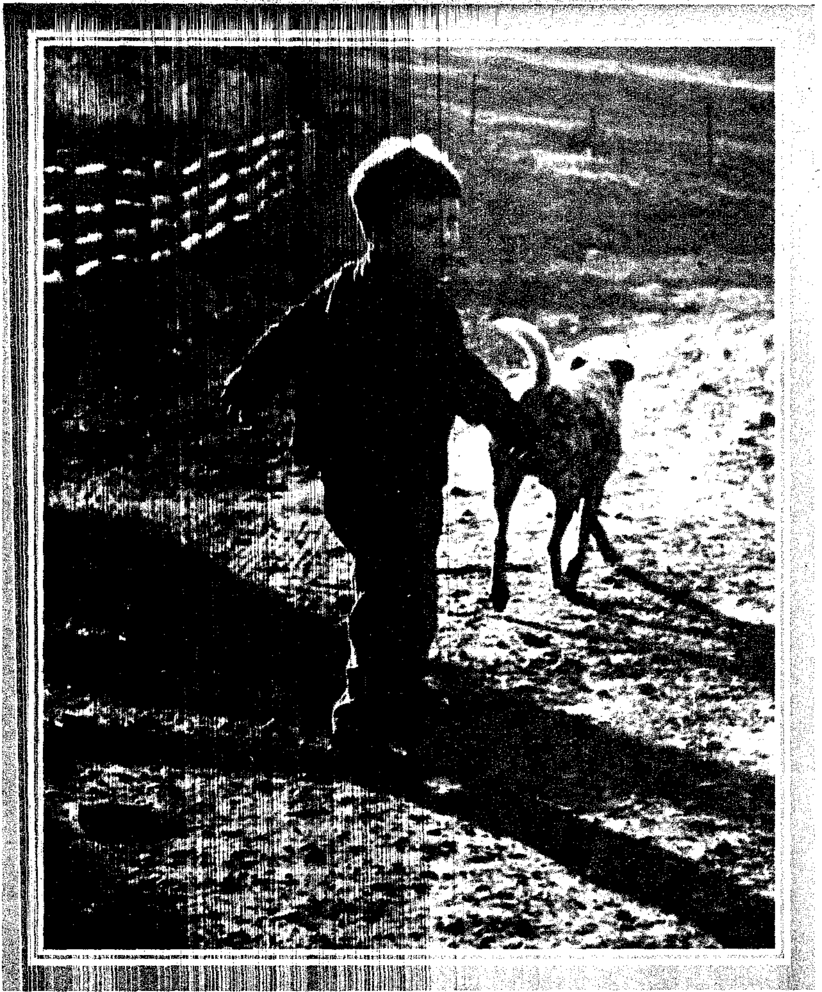
A BOY ON A baseball field is like a salmon that has found its way to the head of a river; he has the look of a creature who has fulfilled his destiny. Not all Boys play baseball well, but all of them *look* as if they do. That is because they wisely ignore the narrower motives of the game, such as hitting the ball or catching it, and concentrate on the essential spirit of the thing. Thus, no right-minded Boy would dream of approaching the batter's box without swinging three bats, or of pitching the ball before shooting a crafty and menacing glance at the runner on base, or of going after a popped foul without first throwing his mask to the ground in a fury.



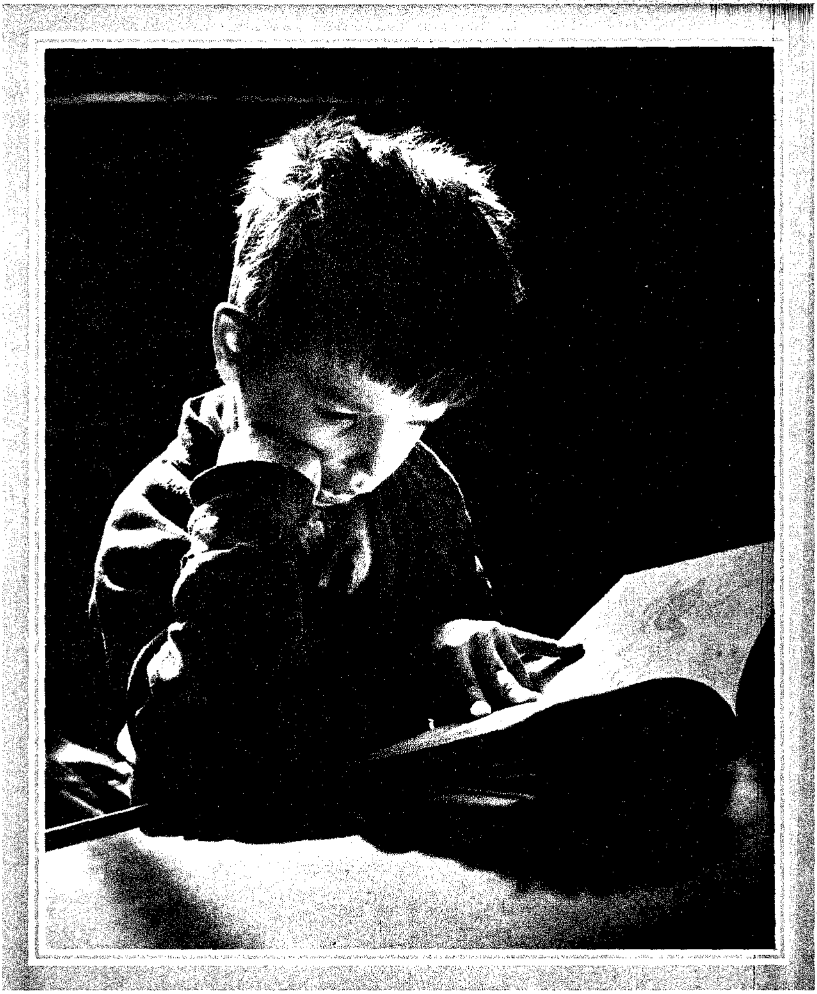
UNTIL THEY ARE corrupted by Adult Guidance, Boys approach raw materials in the spirit of pure craftsmanship. This consists of making, with infinite patience, something of no use at all. A Boy left alone in a workshop soon discovers that the essence of woodworking is to take a board and reduce it to a pile of shavings, and this knowledge can remain a source of happiness to him all his life. If women only realized this, they might think twice about pestering their husbands to fix the screen doors when they could be making, with an investment of only five hundred dollars in power tools, a table that cannot be bought for less than twelve dollars in any store.



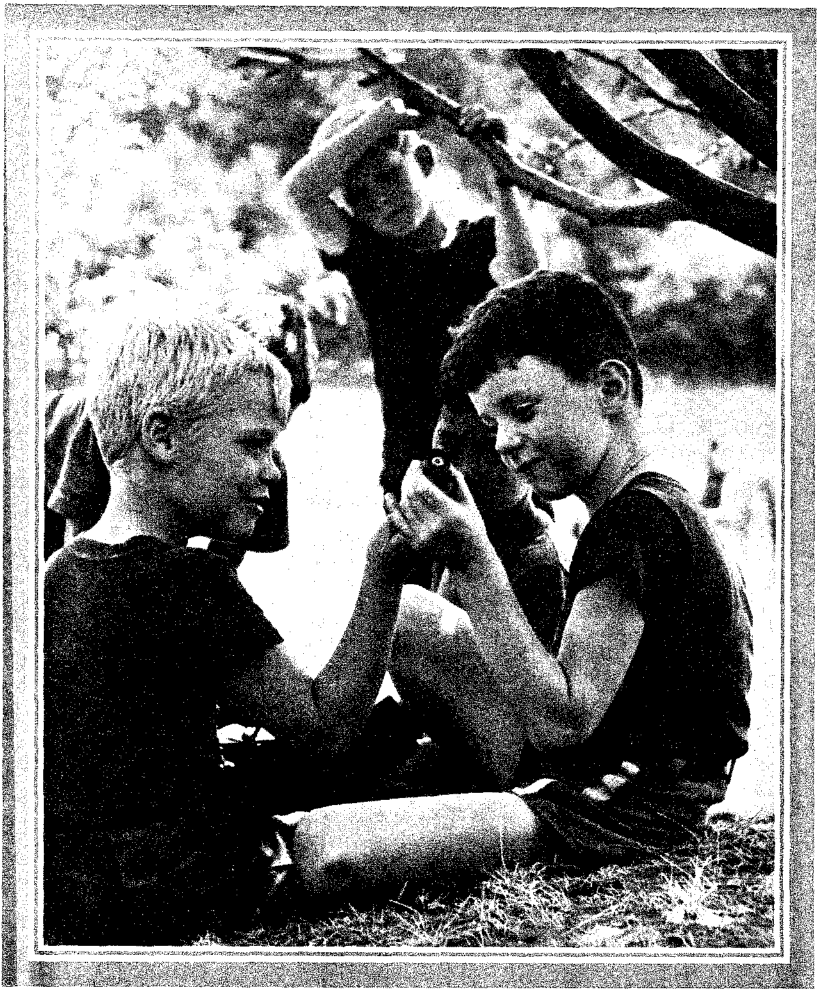
ONCE A DAY, a Boy suddenly begins to act as if he has just been reading one of the more poisonous philosophers. He sees through everything. He hates everybody. Anything you say, or fail to say, is wrong. In dealing with a Boy in this condition, the impulse to throw him away should be resisted. Instead, he should be fed. This will restore his optimism for twenty-four hours. Do not, however, make the mistake of telling him "You're just hungry"—especially after the Boy has reached maturity. If there is anything a man hates, it is to be told, while cruising along nicely on a Dim View, or right in the middle of a sad epigram, that he is Just Hungry.



BOYS AND DOGS hold similar views on most subjects. They agree on the importance of taking a short cut even when it means going a mile or two out of their way. They have a keen eye for obstacles, which must be climbed over and never walked around. Both are serious collectors, and rarely return from a trip without an old carburetor, half of a boot, twenty-one inches of a six-foot rule, or a sign marked "No Trespassing." Some observers believe that the Dog is an early form of Boy. Whether or not this is so, it is certain that Boys and Dogs recognize each other's soundness, and can get along with less jabber than any other two creatures in the world.



As long as they are not encouraged to do so, Boys have no objection to reading books, and soon develop a gluttony for the printed word. They soak up print with their eyes, ears, mouths and pores. They also have the gift of Partial Recall, which accounts for the slightly unsettling quality of their conversation. Once a Boy has learned to read, his parents must be prepared at all times for such exclamations as, "I'll have his dastardly head on a bike for this!" The dinner-table remarks of a Boy at this stage are likely to range from, "Hey, this spaghetti is NEAT" to "These fearless cookies have an unpleasant after-taste." There is not a thing that can be done about it.

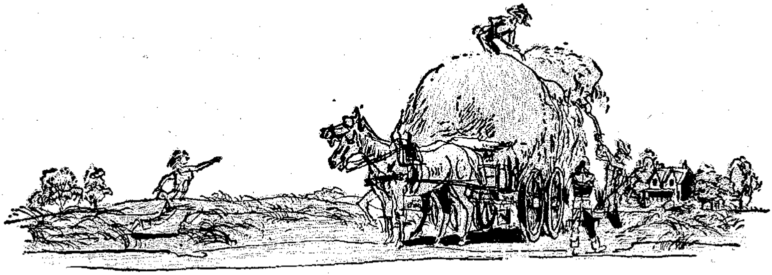


AROUND THEIR sixth year, Boys are driven by instinct to run in packs, or Clubs. The formation of a Club calls for four Boys: one to think of the idea, one to approve of it, one with a nickel for dues and one who is not to be admitted under any circumstances. Reasons for Clubs are: (1) to discuss forming a baseball team, (2) to discuss building a fort, (3) to discuss getting out a newspaper, and (4) to discuss forming a Club. The duration of a Club is about three days, at the end of which time the excluded member loses interest in trying to join and starts to go away. The Club then instantly falls apart of its own weight and becomes four Boys with a nickel.

THE SNOWBALL, an invention as basic as the wheel, has never received the study it deserves. It was probably developed simultaneously by Boys in all parts of the world during the first snowstorm. To this day, a fresh fall of snow is a signal for all Boys to rush out and destroy each other. Sooner or later it occurs to every Boy to water his snowballs and let then freeze overnight. But the Hard-Hearted Snowball is too calculated, too much a thing of the staff room, to become permanently popular. The Standard or Boy's Snowball is still one that is slapped together and thrown while the inspiration is hot: a splashy burst of violence that melts when it meets its target.

Boys have a strong sense of the impending end of civilization, and sometimes they can hardly wait. They want to start right away enduring Pioneer Hardships. Boys have been known to get their parents to drive them twenty or thirty miles in search of a place where they can endure Pioneer Hardships. The art of survival in a public park requires ponchos, blankets, hunting knife, compass, rope, matches, firewood, burn ointment, frankfurters, rolls and marshmallows. With these supplies, a Boy is ready for anything. His confidence is reassuring to his elders, who find in a small, hot, firelit face some reason to believe that civilization still has a few years to go.

BUT NOBODY really knows what makes a Boy. It's an inner thing, and it's something that never has the sense to sit down and stop. It stumbles, and rubs the scraped knee, and gets up to run again. It gets the sulks, gets over them, and is all set for the giggles again. It finds the tallest trees to climb, the deepest holes to dig. It's a whittler of twigs (and bridges), a maker of noise (and songs), a phrase-maker and a getter of notions. It goes to bed knocked out every night, and wakes up bouncing in the morning, and starts moseying down the road to see what will turn up that day. And suddenly it breaks into a hop-skip-jump, and never knows why. That's a Boy.



Want to Live on a Farm?

by **FRED C. KELLY**

Finding "just the right place" is more of a job than meets the eye

A SURPRISING NUMBER of people who say they are looking for a farm up in the country do not know what they want. They just think that owning a farm would be fun.

Many of them have in mind a dream farm with a fine old colonial house well back from the road, an alluring driveway bordered by tall oaks and azaleas, impressive white barns at the edge of a sweep of meadow and at the rear a noble forest through which flows a stream containing speckled trout.

But few men could afford to buy this dream farm, even if it could be found. The farm a man buys usually has to be a compromise. If it doesn't have everything he wants, it may have "possibilities"—or a beautiful distant view.

A young lawyer I know recently did the blamedest thing: he bought a 90-acre farm with fairly good buildings and then proceeded to sell the buildings and move them off. The main farmhouse he sold to one neighbor, the barns to another; all that he kept for himself was a little three-room cottage.

When he explained it, however, his behavior didn't seem so crazy. He had made arrangements with a neighbor, a highly competent farmer with good mechanical equipment, to operate the farm for him, so he wouldn't need the buildings. He got rid of them, at the going price, to cut taxes and avoid the costs of repairs and painting.

He wanted a farm where he could spend his week ends, and he believed the value of the land would increase over the years. But he knew the

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buildings would become less and less valuable unless he kept pouring money into maintenance. And he couldn't afford to own the farm if he had to keep those buildings in good order.

Another friend of mine had another outlandish idea. When he started to look for a farm, he told real-estate agents that he wouldn't be interested in any place unless it was on a mud road. A dead-end road would not serve the purpose; it had to connect with a state highway and pass through at least two or three villages.

The road he finally selected met his requirements. It was muddy even in good weather—so bad that he felt sure there would soon be a demand to pave it. And, in his state, no part of the cost of road improvement was assessed against adjoining property. He had to wait seven years for the state to pave his road, but when it did, the market value of his land almost tripled.

About 300,000 farms change hands every year in the U. S. Whether a man wants to raise beef cattle on a big scale, or a highly improved dairy farm close to good markets, or just five acres to keep a cow and raise his own vegetables, within commuting distance of his job in town, the place is available. Sometimes he discovers exactly what he wants while looking for something else.

Because different people have different financial and farming abilities, a complete discussion of the problems involved would crowd a book. But some questions apply to all farms, and the best way I know to answer them is to give the experience of a friend of mine named Joe Fassett, who recently did an intelligent and painstaking job of shopping for his farm.

Joe is a young man in his thirties with a wife and two small boys. He liked the idea of a farm as a place to bring up children. Because he thought a variety of activities would be most interesting to children, he wanted to do general farming—a few beef cattle, sheep, pigs, three or four cows for milking, chickens, possibly ducks and geese. He wanted enough land to justify buying a good tractor and a truck, but not enough to make him buy a combine. Around 100 acres seemed right for his needs.

Because of family background, the area he had in mind was three or four counties in the Midwest, but even before he started he investigated climatic conditions. The U. S. Weather Bureau can furnish records of temperature and rainfall in every month of the year for almost any county. Then he got hold of soil maps from the state conservation districts. By the time he began to look at actual farms, he was well informed about general conditions.

As important as the farm itself was the reputation of schools in the nearest village, and he found considerable variation between one village and the next. He even inquired into the standards of law enforcement by county officials.

When ready to start his search, Joe drove about taking note of places he might like to own if they were for sale and within his means. He stuck to improved roads on which there were power and telephone lines. From time to time he made an excuse to stop and talk to farmers. No farmer gets mad if somebody drops in to compliment him on the looks of his place and ask politely about conditions in his community.

Sometimes Joe would ask if any nearby farms were for sale. Occasionally the farmer replied, "If you're thinking of buying a place, you might like this one." Not every owner who is tempted to sell puts a sign out front.

Joe was able to get a rough idea of the value of a number of farms by learning how much cash rent the owner had received in previous years. He estimated that a farm worth $10,000 should rent for at least $500. Early in the game he made an interesting discovery—that the cheapest farms were usually the most overpriced. There are always more buyers who can afford a run-down farm than a good one, and as the number of potential buyers increases, the price goes up.

At the end of a month of extensive investigating, Joe had a list of eight farms in which he felt special interest. They were all in good neighborhoods—the other farms nearby looked prosperous and were evidently owned by decent, intelligent people.

Now Joe went to the experts. He knew that soils can vary considerably even on the same farm, and that fatal mistakes can be made by a buyer who is not a good judge of soils. He had long talks with the county agent and the demonstration agent of the U. S. Department of Agriculture Extension Service, and had soil analyses made by the nearest agricultural college.

He found out from the representative of the National Farm Loan Association in his county the prices paid for farms of the kind he was considering during the years 1937 to 1940. He also talked with bankers and looked up records of deeds in the county courthouse. Each deed carries Federal revenue stamps which indicate the price supposed to have been paid.

About each farm Joe then asked himself the following questions:

How much of the entire farm can be cultivated? Is the topography suitable for use of efficient machinery? Is there a satisfactory wood lot on the land? What is the value of standing timber?

How great is the danger of damage from erosion or flooding?

Is the soil deep? Well-drained? Underlain with satisfactory subsoil? Is it suited for growing several different kinds of crops?

How adequate is the water supply? Is it entirely safe from contamination and is it dependable at all times of the year?

Are the farm lanes in good repair? Are they going to require much expensive upkeep?

How good are the fences, and can fence posts be cut on the property?

Are there any local conditions that might make the value of this farm increase or decrease?

Are there waste acres in swamps?

How plentiful is good labor in the community?

Are surrounding farms operated by owners or tenants?

Is there any reason to suspect that barns and barn lots contain germs of livestock diseases?

Finally, Joe got down to a choice between two farms, and the question was, which house he wanted to live in. The more beautiful house as to design and setting was frame, and with costs what they are, Joe shrank from facing the expense of painting every two or three years. Moreover, the house needed immediate repairs, and he knew that remodeling always costs more than first estimates indicate.

The other house was a two-story brick with a slate roof, which meant the minimum of annual expense. It was closer to the road than Joe liked, but that almost balanced itself, because he would have a shorter driveway to maintain.

One vital question still had to be settled. How good a title could the seller deliver? On this point, Joe knew that he couldn't be too careful. Since farms ordinarily do not change hands as often as town lots, there might be a flaw in the title dating back many years. A deed gives the buyer only as good a title as the seller has, although, if warranted, the seller may be liable to make up certain deficiencies. So Joe wanted a supporting title separate from a title company.

Joe also demanded a new survey and a blueprint showing the exact location of the boundaries. Even though he was sure of owning the acres he had paid for, he did not want to have one of his neighbors drop in and point out that part of his orchard was on the wrong side of the fence.

As a result of careful shopping, Joe has a good farm and is getting along fine. And his methods can be used in buying any farm, no matter how small it may be.

If I were buying a farm, I would take one step that Joe Fassett did not consider necessary. I would make sure that a good farm-management company was operating in the neighborhood.

These companies can now be found in nearly all the better farming states. For a minimum annual charge, plus a modest share of the farm income, they will take charge, select a tenant, determine when repairs on buildings or new fences are needed and supply machinery for harvesting crops.

They know, better than the average owner, when the market is right for selling a crop. The cost of dealing with a good farm-management company is not serious, for the money paid is usually less than would be wasted by a novice farmer learning through trial and error.

I have owned and operated a farm or two in my time, but if I were doing it again, I would seek the aid of professional managers before I started. I would let them help to pick the place and take over part of the fun—and the grief.

Fortify Yourself

NOTHING IN THIS world appeases loneliness as does a flock of friends! You can select them at random, write to one, dine with one, visit one or take your problems to one. There is always at least one who will understand, inspire and give you the lift you may need at the time. Fortify yourself with a flock of friends.

—GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS (*Tales of Hoffman*)

Suppose It Happened to You?

by Louis Wolfe

A wealthy oil man had been kidnaped and returned to safety after payment of a huge ransom. He told this story to the G-man assigned to the case.

"About 2 o'clock on Thursday afternoon, while taking an afternoon stroll, three men in a limousine pulled up to the curb. At gun point they forced me into their car. Then they gagged and blindfolded me; a few minutes later we were speeding over bumpy, country roads.

"After several hours of wild riding, we jerked to a sudden stop. One of the men got out and opened what must have been a heavy gate, because he grunted while moving it. As we drove in, a dog, which I later learned was a black German shepherd called Rex, barked and followed us up the driveway.

"When they led me into the house and removed my bonds, I noticed that it was 8 o'clock by my wrist watch. During the nine days I was held prisoner, they never let me go outside, so I can't tell you what the farmhouse looks like. But I remember one thing.

"Every morning at 8:30 and every evening at 5:15 I heard a plane fly over. It sounded like a four-motored passenger plane. That's all I can tell you."

If you were the G-Man, *what would you have done?*

* * *

SOLUTION: The FBI agent first checked all the air lines that ran regular passenger service in that vicinity. Then he asked pilots of the four-motored craft whether they remembered flying over farmhouses at 8:30 A.M. and 5:15 P.M. Five recalled that they did, and indicated the approximate location of each house on a map.

Pretending to be a farm hand looking for work, the G-Man investigated each place. The first, second and third were genuine farms. At the fourth, however, he saw the German shepherd dog and recognized the heavy gate. Next day, the FBI raided the place and caught most of the kidnapers. The ransom money was found buried under the kitchen.

SILVER

WHILE VACATIONING in New Hampshire, I took a walk along a lonely dirt road and passed a tiny neglected cemetery almost lost from sight in a tangled mass of weeds and briars. The tops of a few crookedly leaning headstones were just barely visible. The little wrought-iron fence which surrounded the plot was rusty and lopsided. I paused, musing moodily about the forgotten folk who lay there, and wondered how they would have felt could they have foreseen their final resting place.

The next year I took the same lonely walk, but when I reached the neglected cemetery I was surprised to see a profusion of color. Flowers were everywhere—pink and violet petunias, gay white daisies, and borders of snow-on-the-mountain. The long grass and brambles had completely disappeared; the headstones had been straightened, the wrought-iron fence painted and repaired, and the ugly plot transformed into a place of beauty.

When I inquired, the natives informed me that during the spring a young stranger had stayed two weeks in the town, spending most of his time at the cemetery. He had cleared away the briars, planted and transplanted flowers with his own hands. In answer to questions, he denied having friends or relatives buried in the cemetery. He said merely that he had been depressed by its condition and had decided to do something about it, hoping people would no longer feel downcast as they passed that way.

Before he left, the young man was asked if he were not afraid the little cemetery would again fall into neglect.

"No," he said thoughtfully. "Flowers have a way of reminding people of their presence."

—JOSEPH P. BRENNAN

THE MAN SITTING directly behind the driver got off, and there was one vacant seat for the horde of people waiting on the corner to board the already jam-packed bus.

A very old man was the first to get on. Trembling fingers dropped eight cents in the fare box and he slowly made his way to that one empty seat.

At the next stop only one passenger got on. He was a young man, but terribly crippled. He mounted the steps with great effort, and glanced back to see if there was an empty seat. Then he stood there grasping the pole beside the driver's seat as the bus lurched away.

And then it happened. The old man with the tired eyes slowly got to his feet and offered his seat to the crippled youth.

"You don't have to do that, Pop," said the cripple. "I'm all right."

The old man smiled.

"It's a privilege, son," he said.

The cripple sank into the seat and the old man stood there.

Across the aisle, a young girl had been watching the little drama. With a look of scorn at the Lancelots glued to their seats, she sudden-

LININGS

ly stood up and offered her seat to the old man.

"Thank you, little lady," said the old man.

"It's a privilege, Pop," said the girl so all could hear.

The old man slumped into the seat, and as he glanced up at the girl his face was wreathed in a big, wonderful smile. —Robert H. Prall

A small colored boy sauntered into our yard one afternoon while I was polishing the car and asked if he could help. An industrious little fellow, from that time on George called every day to see if we had an odd job or errand to be run. I asked what he intended to do with all the money he earned and he replied that he had been saving two years for a bicycle, but what with buying clothes for school he could never seem to get over a few dollars ahead.

Later in the summer I passed a second-hand store and saw a bicycle in fairly good repair for $12. The day before had been payday, so I bought the wheel and gave it to George; and I doubt if anyone in Tennessee had a better kept lawn or more shiny an automobile than I for the next few weeks.

Then to my surprise I noticed another boy riding the bicycle. Thinking the worst, I asked him if it were George's and he answered, no, that it was his bike now.

My trust in man kind would have shaken a seismograph at this point. But imagine my surprise the next day to see George again riding the bicycle. "I thought you had sold the bike," I told him.

"Oh, no," he said with a grin. "I guess you saw the other boy riding my bike. He's been saving for one longer than I have, so I let him make believe it's his bike every other day." —Stanley Elwood

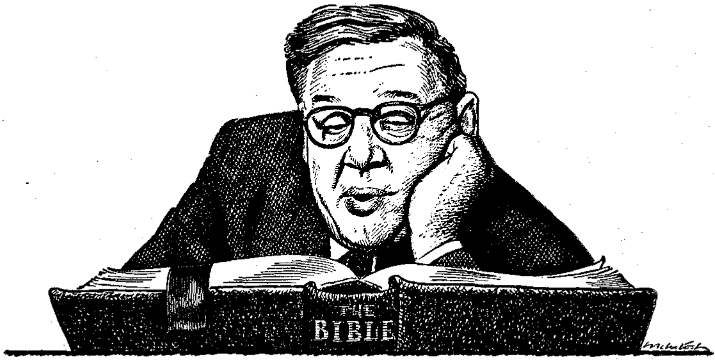
Not long ago a couple entered the office of the manager of a small loan company in a Quebec mining town, obviously distressed at the thought of asking to borrow money. The manager listened to a story of sickness in the family which had wiped out their savings and left them with a grocery bill of over $100. It was to pay this bill that they sought a loan, as they did not feel right owing their grocer that much money. The manager agreed to the loan and the couple asked if he would send the check direct to the grocer.

Next day the manager phoned the grocer to find out the exact amount of the bill.

"You mean to tell me those people are borrowing money to pay my bill?" the grocer exclaimed.

The manager explained the situation to him.

"Why, those people have been dealing with me for seven years," said the grocer. "Up till now they have never owed me a penny. I am going to send you their bill marked paid in full. Kindly give it to them with my compliments. It is the least I can do for them after all the business they have given me over the last seven years." —Frank E. Conlon



When Laughton Reads the Bible

by **GRADY JOHNSON**

The screen's arch-villain gives his best performance—with the Good Book as his script

DESPITE A PHYSIQUE like a bundle of wet wash, actor Charles Laughton is a sensitive, energetic man. Behind a fat-creased moon face, half-closed eyes and full, lazy lower lip, abides a restless spirit which, he admits, makes him mean when he's not working.

Patently, such a man cannot pace the floor in idleness like a chained elephant. But that's what he was doing in 1943 when the world was at war. Tied to a film contract which kept him busy only a fraction of the time, he was envious of his wife, actress Elsa Lanchester, who sang evenings at the Turnabout Theater in Los Angeles and, admittedly, was becoming difficult to live with.

"You're getting to be a loafer and a nuisance," reprimanded his red-haired mate. "Get a job!"

Laughton tried to feel sorry for himself. But he realized he was better off than during World War I. Gassed, he had spent many long, empty hours in a hospital—just as thousands of wounded men were doing in World War II.

Thinking of this stirred a 15-year-old dream. Ultimately it was to bring him a brand-new career and more professional and personal satisfaction than he had known in 30 years on stage and screen. As America's foremost Bible reader and classical storyteller, he was to pioneer a renewed interest in cultural entertainment, restore the lost art of reading aloud and, incidentally, make money.

But it was a timid, unsure man, totally unlike the villainous screen characters he portrays, who took the first step. At the time, other Hollywood performers were entertaining at military hospitals. Laughton couldn't sing, dance or play the piccolo, he wryly recalls, but he had long enjoyed reading the Bible and other great literature aloud. If the boys at Birmingham General Hospital would let him read, perhaps he could please them as well as himself—"a clear case of selfishness rooting good," he says.

Aware that this was revolutionary entertainment for modern audiences—"that they might throw ripe fruit"—he selected several well-worn volumes from his library and took off, uninvited, for the hospital in the San Fernando Valley a few miles from Hollywood.

There an eager audience assembled, certain it was going to hear some salty reenactments of film roles such as Laughton's sadistic Captain Bligh in "Mutiny on the Bounty" and his Oscar-winning "Henry VIII." When he waddled onto the auditorium stage—"looking like a bum, as always"—and told the boys he was going to read, their faces fell.

As he dropped the books, torn leaves flying, onto a table and sat down, he was seized by worse stage fright than that which, he says, customarily afflicts him the first few minutes after a curtain goes up or an assistant director yells "Roll 'em!" To make matters worse, he heard a G.I. whisper: "Anybody can read. I thought actors acted."

Yes, thought Laughton, anybody can read. But nobody does these days. Because families do not read to one another as they once did, he felt they had lost something fine. Great literature was meant to be read aloud, for it was first written for the ear by the storytellers around the campfires of early men. To him, it was inspirational music which had stood the test of time.

Because his audience was accustomed to being entertained by gag men, dancers and jazz singers, he thought it best to warm it up first. He read a few appropriate limericks, James Thurber's revision of Little Red Riding Hood (wherein "little girls are a lot harder to fool these days"), a touching story about a French prostitute and Andrew Marvell's famous poem, "To His Coy Mistress," a minor masterpiece of early English verse.

In that famous voice which bespeaks his infatuation with the sound and rhythm of words, he led his listeners through some of the classics he loved—Shakespeare, Dickens, Aesop, Thomas Wolfe. He concluded by reading Lincoln's Gettysburg Address in a simple, sincere manner which made one feel that this fat man, speaking with an English accent, was delivering the lines as the great President himself might have spoken them.

When the applause had subsided, he shook hands with his listeners. He told them that they had received him so well that next time, he "would read something better." A corporal spoke up: "Mr. Laughton, I never thought I'd get such a lift from mere words."

The actor's blue eyes crinkled. "My boy," he began, gently, "never speak of words as if they were minor weapons. Words have accomplished more than all the bombs ever dropped. Moses wrote the Ten Commandments on tablets of stone from divine inspiration. The tablets of stone have long been dust, but the words live. Man's greatest and noblest works of genius built from brick and mortar crumble and perish, but words do not die."

On his next visit a week later, the

"something better" turned out to be the Bible. Reading it perhaps as it never had been read before—vividly, with dramatic cadence and inflection—Laughton moved a soldier to remark: "It's like seeing the Bible in Technicolor."

His readings attracted surprising attention. Hollywood, which knew the Bible as its richest source of screen stories, just couldn't reconcile its arch-villain reading it for pleasure. Laughton never had impressed people with any of the meekness associated with Scriptures. Having few close friends, he was thought to be brusque, short-tempered, cynical and a shade supercilious.

Actually, he is a man who growls to hide shyness born of a fat, ugly boyhood, who has no patience with pomposity or mediocrity, and who is extremely sensitive about a face that he fancies "looks like a departing pachyderm."

THE IDEA OF A movie villain discovering the Good Book intrigued ministers. They invited Laughton to read to them at Occidental College. Knowing he would be nervous, he went to their meeting deliberately wearing the costume, beard and make-up from a film he was making.

"I had to make it clear to them that I was appearing as an actor, not to deliver a sermon," he said.

He read them the Third Chapter of Daniel, giving full play to his vocal virtuosity as the sulky, bloodthirsty King Nebuchadnezzar. Then he recited the 139th Psalm, lending thespian sincerity to the verse, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts."

Finished, he heard the Rev. Dr. Graham Hunter of Fullerton, California, say: "Mr. Laughton, we ministers make a fetish of the Bible. You turn it into a dramatic, earthy tale of real people."

That, Laughton avers, is all he wants to do with it. "Reading the Bible gives me a feeling of great responsibility," he says. "I don't want to be an 'authority' on it or ecclesiastical matters. That's for the clergy. I want to read it only for its richness and beauty."

Continuing to do this at every opportunity thereafter, he read it some three years ago on Ed Sullivan's TV show. A young theatrical agent, Paul Gregory, heard him. One of Gregory's great-uncles was the silver-voiced orator, William Jennings Bryan, who sometimes lectured on the old Chautauqua circuit, and Gregory saw in Laughton's readings a potential revival of the Chautauqua box office.

He suggested the matter to his employer, The Music Corporation of America, which was Laughton's agent. Failing to interest MCA, Gregory went to see Laughton after a broadcast. The actor was so pleased at support for his cherished idea that he signed up with Gregory.

Ever since then he has traveled up and down the land by car, carrying only a handful of worn books as equipment, playing to capacity audiences. To date he has brought the Bible and the culture of other great literature to 500,000 people, not to mention the thousands who have bought Decca recordings of his Bible readings.

Besides, he has won new popularity on the screen, radio and in television, and has toured the country with amazing success in a dramatic reading—which he calls a "philosophical charade"—in the company of Charles Boyer, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Agnes Moorehead. Their reading of George Bernard Shaw's "Don Juan in Hell" from "Man and Superman" has proved, Laughton thinks, that his adopted land "has a shy and eager hunger for good literature—that the public's mental age is not 12 years, as has been charged."

It alarms Laughton that his interest in the Bible has led some to think of him as leader of a religious movement. He doesn't want that.

He prefers to read the Bible as part of his performance—as he does on his tours—and toward that end is planning some TV shows for the fall which would feature some Bible reading, or "storytelling," as he prefers to call it.

His readings—"actually I act all over the place," he says—hold audience attention like few actors can. Once, reading "Julius Caesar" for a UCLA summer session of teachers, he was accused of eliminating some passages. "What makes you think so?" asked Laughton, exhibiting the pages from which he read.

"Because I enjoyed it for the first time," his accuser confessed.

One of his favorite stories concerns a gray-haired old lady in a wheel chair who watched him raptly during an hour-long reading. Learning she was deaf, he shook hands with her later. "I couldn't hear a word you said," she told him, "but you know, Mr. Laughton, you make the most interesting faces!"

Laughton believes that reading aloud will strengthen family bonds. Wherever he goes he urges his audiences to try it. That they have done so is evidenced by book sales the next day in every town he plays.

Often, before or after performances, he lectures on "relaxed reading," as he did in the Shakespeare classes conducted in Hollywood for screen stars Robert Mitchum, Shelly Winters, Jane Wyatt and Robert Ryan. To demonstrate this, a favorite trick of his is to recite a Hamlet soliloquy while bouncing a ball back and forth to a student.

Convinced that he has struck a sympathetic chord in America, to which he and his wife swore citizenship allegiance two years ago, the obscure English innkeeper's son who rose to wealth and fame in Hollywood has dedicated a good part of his life, at 53, to reading the Bible and other great literature as he feels it was intended to be read. Criticized for switching careers so late in life, he has said:

"I knew a man once who vowed at 15 never to take a chance. You should have seen him at 40!"

Invisible Means

A boy is at the in-between age in life when he knows why a strapless evening gown is held up but he doesn't know how.

—Calgary *Albertan*

New Windows on the World

by LOUISE LEVITAS

Broad, bright vistas open to the person who learns well the art of knowing others

SOME PEOPLE believe that friends are found by luck or accident; that if you do not run into kind, warm-hearted folks on your journey through life, then you will not have lots of friends.

This is the reason such people give for being lonely—but the truth is just the opposite. Every man's friends are a reflection of himself, of the interest he takes in the rest of the world. It was Pat Semple who taught me this secret.

Pat was a good photographer. His talent for making friends, for capturing the essence of a personality in a flash, was what made his pictures so good. His wife, Mavis, sometimes complained about his "social itch" (her name for it). She didn't have the time or the interest to gad about, she said. Housekeeping and the children kept her too busy. But Pat!

"We start out for a walk to the movies, and I find he's saying hello to people I never saw before! Why, he knows everyone on this block," she said, "and I don't even know the family in the next apartment! I can't imagine how he does it."

One day, at the shoemaker's, I found out.

The shop was a hole in the wall; the bent, wizened old man seemed scarcely aware of the world outside his door. But when Pat came in his face livened up. He jumped from his chair to greet Mavis' husband, and I listened to their conversation in astonishment. They discussed neither leather nor shoes, but the school marks of the shoemaker's grandson and Pat's two boys.

"We're old friends," Pat explained after we left the shop. "First time I stepped in there, I found out Nick came from Greece when he was a young man, and we started talking about the ancient Greeks—Plato, Aristotle, Socrates. It developed that Nick was quite a philosopher himself."

This work-stained old cobbler—a philosopher? I'd been buying his services for years, seeing only the shoes in his hands. But Pat had looked into the old man's face the first day—and discovered a wonderful human being.

The people who might be our friends are all around us—neighbors, storekeepers, co-workers; those we meet at parties, on business trips, or sitting next to us in church. But, like Pat, we have to open our eyes and recognize them.

Most of us are stuck in a routine which more and more closes in on us, keeps us from seeing anything beyond our own small circle, sometimes even the family next door.

Along with this peculiar blindness, a social laziness afflicts us as we grow older. It seems to cost increasing effort to welcome new people into our lives. We're apt to say: "Let them make the first move. Then we'll see."

Suppose that Mavis, going down in the elevator one day, said hello to Mrs. Green, the lady in 4F whom she's been admiring for years without ever speaking to her. She could have a friendly neighbor, and the chance of an occasional chat to interrupt the monotony and isolation of her household routine.

MEETING NEW people is a challenge, since you may have to accept some of their ideas. That means putting yourself out more, but it also means getting "new windows on the world"—to quote a successful businessman I know.

This man spends two nights a week at an arts-and-crafts workshop. He does it expressly to find other "windows." He explained it this way:

"Usually your friends are in the same line of work, read the same books, know the same people. One night, at a party, I looked around and was shocked to realize what a closed circle we were! The conversation going on around me—we'd been rehashing the same political and business gossip for years.

"That's when I decided to try something new. I wanted to keep my old friends, of course, but I wanted to widen the circle—because there was a lot of life outside that we were missing."

In the craft class his fellow students—bank clerks, housewives, stenographers, a dentist and a retired schoolteacher—were not impressed by his achievements in the business world. Here there were other standards.

"We have noisy arguments, criticizing each other's work. But getting to know these people from so many different backgrounds has been a great adventure for me."

The man or woman who no longer finds this interest in other people and their ideas has grown old in spirit. Notice, for instance, how easily children make friends. In any environment—school, camp, a new neighborhood—they instinctively seek out others.

The reason is that, for the young, learning to know others is a way of learning about the world. For their elders, who otherwise would forget the world in self-absorption, it's a way of keeping young.

If you've lost the habit of making friends, it may take a conscious effort to reacquire it. The way to start is with the people right around you, in your neighborhood, apartment house or office. You may feel timid in these first endeavors. You will be surprised to discover, then, how glad other people are to receive some small attention from you.

Cultivate a leisure-time hobby—it might be tennis or golf, hospital-aid work, garden or literary club, church choir practice or courses in your neighborhood night school—and you'll find yourself amidst people who enjoy the same things you do. They are the most agreeable friends to have.

Another pleasant way to enjoy the spice of new companionships is by trying a different vacation spot each year. A change of geography shakes you out of the old absorptions, thrusts new habits and new acquaintances upon you. Though people are the same all over the world, they may differ so much in customs, dress and social attitudes that it's fun just to talk to them.

Of course, you may try all these things—you may join clubs, take courses, travel around the country—but unless you are genuinely receptive to the people you meet, they will remain only nodding acquaintances. There is an art to friendship.

Not long ago I met a girl who seemed to draw people to her almost magically. And yet she seemed so plain, so quiet, just an ordinary girl—until you started speaking to her. Then her charm was immediately apparent: when you talked to her, she listened politely and with keenest interest.

The average person is so intent on what *he* has to say that he doesn't really pay attention to the other side of the conversation.

A young woman I knew moved from the East Coast to Los Angeles because of a new job. It was an advancement in her career, but she was so homesick that she thought seriously of quitting.

She spent most of her evenings at the movies or at home doing her mending, with the radio for company. She might have kept to that stark existence indefinitely if an office-mate hadn't insisted on taking her along one night to a "new cinema" group—people who met once a week to see unusual art movies.

Through that group, she met other people. Now she has a lot of friends, and the comfortable feeling of "belonging." Just one step in a new direction brought her this present of good companionship.

It is always an effort to pull yourself out of the rut onto the main road where people are. But when you're on that broad highway, look around you. You can make all the friends you want!

Accidental Intelligence

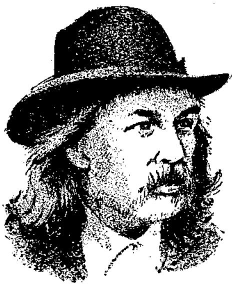
"THIS IS THE garage," an excited voice told the husband over the telephone. "Your wife just brought your car here to be repaired . . ."

"I know, I know," interrupted the husband. "I'll pay for it."

"That's not what I'm worried about," the voice went on. "What I want to know is, who's going to pay for fixing my garage?"

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

Josehing with BILLINGS



HENRY WHEELER SHAW, writing under the pseudonym of Josh Billings around the turn of the century, had few equals among his contemporaries as a cracker-barrel philosopher. Expelled from college for removing the clapper from the chapel bell, he tried hard to live down the reputation of a madcap practical joker, but spent the rest of his life issuing droll, mildly satirical quips by the hundreds.

Here are some of the barbs which delighted his vast audiences both here and abroad:

Adam invented love at first sight, one of the greatest labor-saving machines the world ever saw.

As scarce as truth is, the supply has always been in excess of the demand.

It is the little bits of things that fret and worry us; we can dodge an elephant, but we can't a fly.

The best way to convince a fool that he is wrong is to let him have his own way.

Consider the postage stamp: its usefulness consists in the ability to stick to one thing till it gets there.

Most men are like eggs—too full of themselves to hold anything else.

Credit is like chastity: both of them can stand temptation better than they can suspicion.

Every man has a perfect right to his opinion, provided it agrees with ours.

Nobody loves to be cheated, but it does seem as though everyone is anxious to see how near he could come to it.

Never run into debt—not if you can find anything else to run into.

The thinner the ice, the more anxious is everyone to see whether it will bear.

One half the troubles of this life can be traced to saying "yes" too soon and not saying "no" soon enough.

When a man comes to me for advice, I find out the kind of advice he wants, and I give it to him.

Men mourn for what they have lost, women for what they ain't got.

The Great Escape

by **JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN**

Fake wooden guns and an old switch engine were the props in a daring convict break

"I KNOW HOW we can beat this place!" The speaker was a slender, undersized convict named Theodore Murdock. His audience comprised five cronies who habitually gathered during Saturday recreation periods. The place was the U. S. Penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas. Together these ingredients proved sufficient to touch off one of the most spectacular escapes in penal history.

In the gray prison yard, five men snapped to attention at Murdock's words. Thin-faced Tom Kating clenched his fists. Stocky Arthur Hewett looked up quickly, shaken from his usual slow-thinking inertia. Silently, Bob Clark moved closer. Frank Grigware's good-natured bantering momentarily vanished. And Jock Gideon's fierce, bestial features became expressionless.

Murdock glanced at the guard who paced one end of the enclosure. "It's easy," he continued, "but we'll all have to work together." Hunching closer into the little circle, he proceeded to outline his plan.

"We go out to that old switch engine—the one that shunts cars over the spur into the yard," he began. "After the car's uncoupled, the engineer always whistles for the guard to open the gate. So we wait for the whistle, pile out of our shops, grab her and take off. Where the switch joins the main line, we stop and scatter."

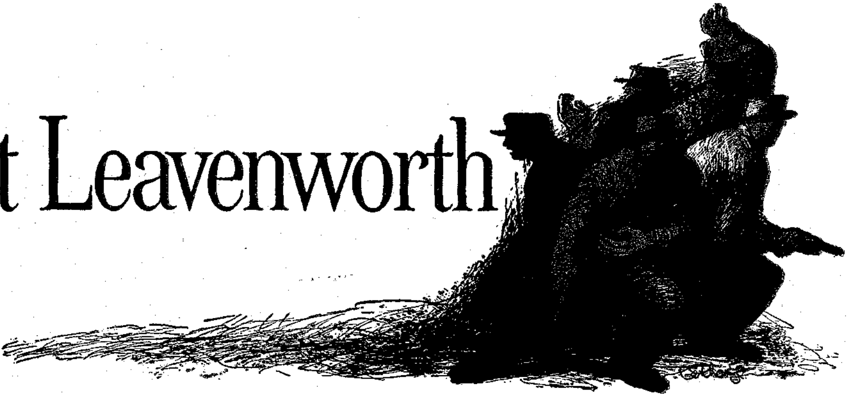
"A swell idea!" Gideon jeered. "Only there're two gates. One inside, and one outside. You know the guard outside never opens his until the engine's safe in the cage and the inner gate slams shut."

Murdock held up his hand. "That's what *you* think! I've been watching from the shop window. The outside guard has swung that gate so many times he's careless. Time and again he starts opening his gate *before* the other one closes!"

"Still doesn't make sense," another convict objected. "How are we going to get over the yard to the engine?"

To each question Murdock had a fast reply. Wait for a foggy day so the guard on the wall couldn't see the prison yard. Then stick a gun

at Leavenworth



in the face of the shop guard and run.

"Sure," Gideon agreed, "but where do we get the gats?"

Murdock warmed to his plot. "I don't mean real ones," he continued. "Dummy ones made out of wood. I'll make 'em."

Hewett had another complaint. "We work in different shops. How are we all going to know which is the day?"

The escape genius laid a hand on Hewett's broad, denim-clad back. "You're going to be the one to tell us. Your mess-hall seat's in front of us. The day you think right—after I've made the guns, of course—you raise your arms, yawn and stretch. We'll be watching. First time after that, the moment the engine whistles, we move."

Next day, Murdock, who worked in the carpenter shop, began fashioning the fake guns. He could work on the "weapons" only a few minutes at a time. And always he had to be ready to hide the whittled pieces at a second's notice.

It was seven weeks before Murdock was able to whittle all the pieces of the first unit. The following Saturday afternoon, as he and his confederates collected about a checkerboard, Murdock suddenly whipped something from his blouse and snapped: "Stick 'em up!"

Hewett stared at the object for a moment, then stepped back in fright. "What the —!" he began, then stopped as his "assailant" laughed.

What Murdock held was a wooden replica of a revolver, fashioned so expertly that, from a foot away, it was impossible to tell it from the real thing.

It was hard for them to suppress their excitement. But their enthusiasm was deflated when Murdock announced: "Only a couple more of these and we'll spring ourselves!"

The following week Murdock began on the second "weapon." For six months he labored a minute or two at a time. When he finished two more guns, he passed them to fellow conspirators.

One Wednesday morning the conspirators, armed with "the guns," small axes, and a hammer, marched into the mess hall for breakfast. In each one's mind was a single thought: he must never take his eyes off Hewett's ample back.

It was a cloudy day, but with no rain. Nothing happened. Hewett neither yawned nor stretched.

Thus it went for several days. The six men squirmed uncomfortably. Every hour's delay increased the possibility of a slip-up. The weapons hidden in their blouses weighed very little, but they seemed as heavy as bricks. The plotters' nerves began to twitch.

For several breakfasts they watched Hewett's motionless shoulders. Then, on the eighth day, a sopping drizzle fell on eastern Kansas and fog sifted through the yard, blanketing walls and guard towers. It was April 21, 1910.

The six conspirators took their seats and pretended to eat heartily, but their thoughts and eyes were fixed on Hewett. When the meal was almost over and "Old Calamity," the deputy warden, had his gavel poised, ready to give the fall-out signal, Hewett suddenly hunched his shoulders, yawned, and raised his arms over his head in a luxurious stretch!

The men arose. With an echoing clatter, a thousand spring seats snapped back as the inmates filed from the mess hall on their way to various prison chores.

In two of the shops dotting the penitentiary enclosure, six men waited. Grigware bent over his bench and felt the hard wooden object inside his shirt press against his chest. Clark wiped damp palms on his trousers and stared anxiously out the window. Gideon scowled as his eyes tried to penetrate the thickening fog. The nerves of all were taut.

Suppose no car was delivered today? Would they be sure to hear the whistle? Would they reach the engine too late—after it had already passed the inner gate?

Suddenly, through shop clatter, came a short, piercing blast. Six men dropped their tools, three brandished stubby black objects. Stunned guards stood aside as the plotters raced into the yard, their paths converging on the track where the engine stood.

Hewett was first to reach it. Gripping the side rod, he swung himself into the cabin and pushed his "weapon" at the astonished train crew. Forcing a guard to board the engine, the rest of the convicts clambered into the cab.

"Both gates are open!" Kating shouted exultantly, and threw the throttle ahead. Wheels spun and caught. The engine began to roll toward the gaping inner barrier.

From his office in the yard center, Deputy Warden Frank Lemon heard the shouts of a guard and dashed outside. The guard was yelling: "The engine . . . they're taking the engine!"

The deputy veered off toward a derailing switch, placed in the yard for just such an emergency. Five feet from his goal, puffing and winded, he dived for the mechanism. He was seconds too late. With a clang and a rattle, the ancient locomotive rolled on.

Hewett and his five confederates anxiously watched the one remaining gate, now three-quarters of the way open. Beyond lay the prison reservation—and freedom.

Suddenly something struck the switcher's iron sides with a whining ping. "The tower guard!" Murdock swore. "He's firing! Get down!"

They crouched low in the cab, eyes fixed on the guard at the outer gate. Trying to repair his breach of orders, he was swinging the huge door back into place. More than anything else, this had been their great fear—the dread of what might happen if the gate should slam shut. Already the guard had it half-closed.

Like the deputy warden, he failed by seconds. While the men flattened down in the cab, the engine approached the now almost-closed portal. With a clatter of clashing metal, it ripped the gate from its hinges. Picking up steam, the switcher then lunged across the prison farm toward the main line—and open country.

Over the rattle and roar came the whine of the prison siren, warning the countryside of an escape and spurring scores of farmers to grab their rifles and compete for the reward the Government paid for each recaptured inmate.

The fleeing men cursed. Kating jarred the engine to a halt. From the cab, the fugitives leaped into the grass and scattered.

Almost at once their sedentary prison life began to make itself felt in aching legs and tortured lungs. The men ran in spurts, to drop panting to the ground for a few moments' rest before rising to push ahead. And always the wail of that siren in their ears.

Now the prison gates opened at intervals to disgorge parties of armed guards. And from dozens of nearby farmhouses, posses set out to rummage through barns and prowl across fields. The desperate venture was doomed to failure.

Three days later, little groups of men headed toward the prison gates, marching grimy, disheveled convicts before them. Kating they found in a haystack; a farmer discovered Clark cowering in his barn. A group of guards flushed Hewett from his hiding place in a patch of tall weeds. Murdock, the mastermind, had been captured the day before as he shivered waist-deep in water in a culvert. And the ferocious-looking Gideon fell victim to an alert guard.

Only Grigware escaped—to become, as was learned many years later, the mayor of a small town in Canada. Since he had, at last, proved himself to be a law-abiding citizen, no effort was made to return him to prison. The other five escapees were dragged back to the institution and allotted stern punishment.

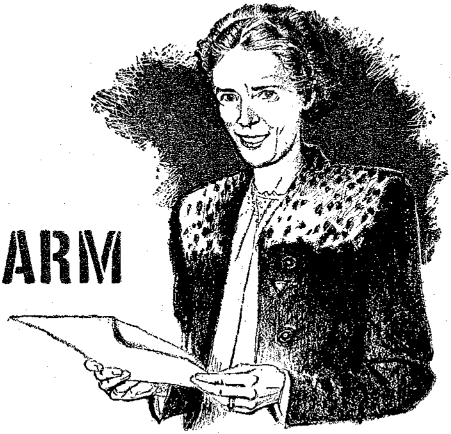
Questionable Virtue

A YOUNG LADY just out of journalism school was getting a lecture from her city editor because of certain inaccuracies which had appeared in a news story she had written.

"Remember," he said, "it was Joseph Pulitzer who declared that accuracy is to a newspaper what virtue is to a woman."

"That in itself is not entirely accurate," said the girl. "A newspaper can always print a retraction."—Charlotte (North Carolina) *News*

THE NAVY IS GRATEFUL TO SCHOOLMARM GRADY



by HOWARD S. DEWEY

She helps New London's enlisted men to win promotions and commissions

ASK ANY YOUNG OFFICER at the U. S. Navy's Submarine Base in New London, Connecticut, about Louise Grady, and it's a better than even chance he will answer: "She's the woman who got me into the Naval Academy. . . ."

Louise, a civil-service educational counselor and the adopted "Mom" of the submarine navy, can count 30 ex-enlisted men presently attending Annapolis on the strength of the tutoring she gave them. She also gets students ready for West Point, the Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps, the Coast Guard Academy and Kings Point Merchant Marine Academy. All this in addition to the classes she holds for enlisted career men preparing for professional ratings or for the step up to commissioned rank.

Her classes are held in a room on the second deck of the Base recreation building. There, surrounded by book-lined walls, amidst a litter of chairs and tables, sailors chew on pencils, rustle through texts or write furiously at examinations.

In a corner, Louise Grady sits almost hidden behind the books stacked on top of her scarred desk. Often she rises to aid some sailor with a problem, peering at him from behind glasses that have a way of getting lost on her forehead. Tall and slender, steel-gray hair cut short, she carries a pencil clutched like a spear in one hand. Her voice is soft and low, her smile warm.

Teaching is not new to her, since as a young woman she was on the faculty at Simmons College in Boston—a school for girls. But she admits that teaching sailors requires a different approach.

Impersonal instruction is not Louise's way. Each student is an individual to her. For example, a young crewman on a submarine was a frequent but evasive visitor to her library. Whenever he spoke, he turned his head away to hide a deformed nose. His appearance had caused him to withdraw as much as possible from the world of people into the world of books.

Louise undertook the task of making him feel at ease in both worlds. With her help and the influence of his commanding officer, he was encouraged to take the entrance examinations for the Naval Academy. He passed with high marks, thanks to Louise, and received one of the coveted Presidential appointments.

Then she persuaded him to undergo a plastic-surgery operation. As a result, he entered the Academy as adjusted and confident as any of his classmates.

During World War II, Louise occasionally encountered illiteracy among her charges and each time was deeply shocked. She recalls particularly the case of a Negro draftee from a tenant farm in the South.

When he took the examination for advancement in his rating, his answer sheet was a cryptic collection of laboriously printed letters.

Privately, Louise asked him if he could read. His gnarled fingers twisted together.

"No, ma'am," he said, "but I sure wish I could. It's powerful hard getting around this place with all the signs and such. And my friends—they got advanced in rating and left me behind."

Louise groped in her bag for a handkerchief. And it was a proud day when the sailor first read *Little Red Riding Hood* aloud to her without help. By the time he was transferred to sea, he had it memorized. A petty-officer badge was soon added to the sleeve of his navy-blue jumper, and he still reads every sign he passes for the mere pleasure in it.

ALTHOUGH A CIVILIAN surrounded by uniforms, Louise has a navy background that reaches to the days following World War I. It was while teaching at Simmons College that she met and married Lieut. Comdr. Ronan Grady, a six-foot-three Irishman affectionately known as "Rosie O'Grady."

Louise followed her seagoing husband in his rambling career, rearing their children—a son and daughter—in a dozen different naval stations scattered over the world. Often, when schools were far away or not available, she taught them herself.

The beginning of World War I found her and her graying husband in Boston. Rosie, now Captain Grady in command of the naval shipyard at Charlestown, longed for the smell of salt water and command of one of the great ships that put in for repairs.

His repeated requests for sea duty denied, he worked day and night at the job of making ready the ships that younger men would sail. The long, hard hours spent at the shipyard soon took their toll on Rosie's health.

His death left a void in Louise's life that no amount of tears could fill. Rosie, in life, had been liberal with a widowed mother and his family on a moderate salary. In death, he left little but the memory of his kindliness. It was a captain shipmate of his who snapped Louise from the lethargy into which she had fallen. "Belay those tears, sailor!" was his greeting as he stalked into her home one day, sending commiserating friends on their way. "You have to bear a hand. Rough seas ahead!"

The reminiscently salty talk set Louise off on a fit of weeping, but she cheered up when the captain went on, "I've got a billet for you, young woman."

The billet was a job doing what to her had always been most important—teaching. As a Civil Service employee of the U. S. Armed Forces Institute, she returned to Rosie's love, the submarine service.

The Institute, a G.I. correspondence school more commonly known as USAFI (pronounced U-Saf-ee), was organized during World War II because the armed forces realized that although an army may still travel on its stomach, it is now more than ever guided by its brains. With headquarters in Madison, Wisconsin, USAFI—in cooperation with universities and colleges—made available to all branches of the armed forces some 6,000 high-school and college subjects. From jungle outposts to isolated island stations, servicemen could obtain credits and diplomas through correspondence courses.

AN EXCELLENT example of armed-forces unification, USAFI was retained following the war, and Louise, a charter member, stayed on to teach peacetime submariners.

Not content with fulfilling only the minimum requirements of her job, she also instructs volunteer classes of enlisted men in college mathematics, history, English and the sciences. It is largely as a result of these bonus courses that so many ex-submariners have managed to get into the Naval Academy at Annapolis. She also conducts night classes in professional subjects for enlisted career men. On such days, she leaves her schoolroom late and goes home tired but happy.

The men have come to look to Louise for guidance as well as instruction. The memory of Kenny, a Midwestern boy, brings a warm smile to her motherly face. Plucked from a broken home by an impersonal welfare society, grasping for something to belong to and determined to prove himself to a home town he felt had rejected him, Kenny joined the Navy.

He met Louise at the door one morning as she opened her office and with every sign of distress showed her a letter from a friend at home. It was a thoughtless letter, filled with chatter about the writer's coming graduation from high school—and then the friend asked how Kenny was doing?

Kenny wasn't doing so well. He had left school in his senior year in order to enter the Navy, still needing several credits toward his diploma. This Louise learned by writing to his high-school principal. Could Kenny obtain his diploma if he were to study and pass an examination under her supervision, she wrote back. "Yes," came the reply, "but time is short—it is doubted that Kenny can do it."

The boy spent his evenings studying in Louise's classroom—and passed the examination. But the idea of a mail-order diploma still left something to be desired. Kenny longed for the thrill of donning cap and gown, mounting the stage with his classmates and receiving his diploma from the principal who had doubted he "could do it."

This, too, Louise managed, and Kenny went home on leave to receive his coveted diploma at graduation exercises held before the assembled townspeople whose opinion meant so much to him.

Occasionally Louise has had to hoist the white flag of defeat. She recalls the case of seven teen-age youngsters with whom she worked long after-duty hours preparing them for the Academy. Each night for many weeks she returned home too tired to sleep, yet heartened with their progress.

When six of the seven young men were accepted, it was a day of great rejoicing. It was until three of them straggled into her office and announced that they were going to get married instead of going to school.

As Louise tells about this incident, she leans back in her chair and says dreamily, "I'll bet my boys are the best darn husbands those girls could ever have gotten."

Recently, with America's participation in the "Mutual Defense Assistance Program," she has added the Latin names of South American sailors and the names of Turkish submariners to the rolls of her English-language classes. Unable to speak Turkish herself, she is determined that the Turkish navy eventually will be speaking English, with a New England accent and a liberal mixture of Gradyisms.

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Cash for Questions

BUD COLLYER, master of ceremonies of the "Break the Bank" quiz show (ABC—11:30 A.M., EDT—Monday through Friday), conducts this month's quiz. Since the program went on the air, many contestants have literally "broken the bank," taking home an accumulated jack pot for supplying the correct answer to a particular question.

Now you have *your* chance to "Break the Bank." Cash prizes were awarded to the lucky winners who could answer the following questions. If you guess all 25 questions correctly, you will win a hypothetical $109,240. (Answers on page 131.)

1. What American newspaperman made the Emporia (Kansas) *Gazette* famous? ($1,000)

2. Before Abe Lincoln married Mary Todd, he had been in love with a girl who died during their courtship. Who was she? ($4,200)

3. In the famous story *Don Quixote,* what is the name of the hero's horse? ($5,440)

4. Which of the three Brontë sisters wrote *Jane Eyre?* ($3,880)

5. What baseball star won the base-stealing championship for more seasons than any other player in major-league baseball? ($3,550)

6. Which one of our President's wives was known as "Lemonade Lucy"? ($3,450)

7. What South American capital is almost on the Equator? ($3,170)

8. The Canary Islands belong to what European nation? ($1,200)

9. What is the Roman numeral for 500? ($1,700)

10. Who wrote *The Pilgrim's Progress?* ($7,390)

11. Hoover Dam is on the boundary between which two states? ($6,700)

12. Who wrote the poem *When the Frost Is on the Punkin?* ($5,920)

13. Name the exact date that the Japanese signed the surrender papers aboard the *U.S.S. Missouri,* in World War II. ($4,270)

14. Who was the one-legged captain in the story *Moby Dick?* ($7,050)

15. Which three heavyweight champions had the same first initials . . . "J.J."? ($6,900)

16. Name the last three states to join the Union. ($100)

17. Which President sent Commodore Matthew C. Perry to Japan in 1852 to open negotiations for the first commercial treaty with that country? ($3,650)

18. What famous composer gave us the operetta *Blossom Time?* ($7,350)

19. Who painted the "Alba Madonna," the "Madonna of the Veil" and the "Sistine Madonna"? ($6,820)

20. What play holds the record as Broadway's longest-running production? ($4,750)

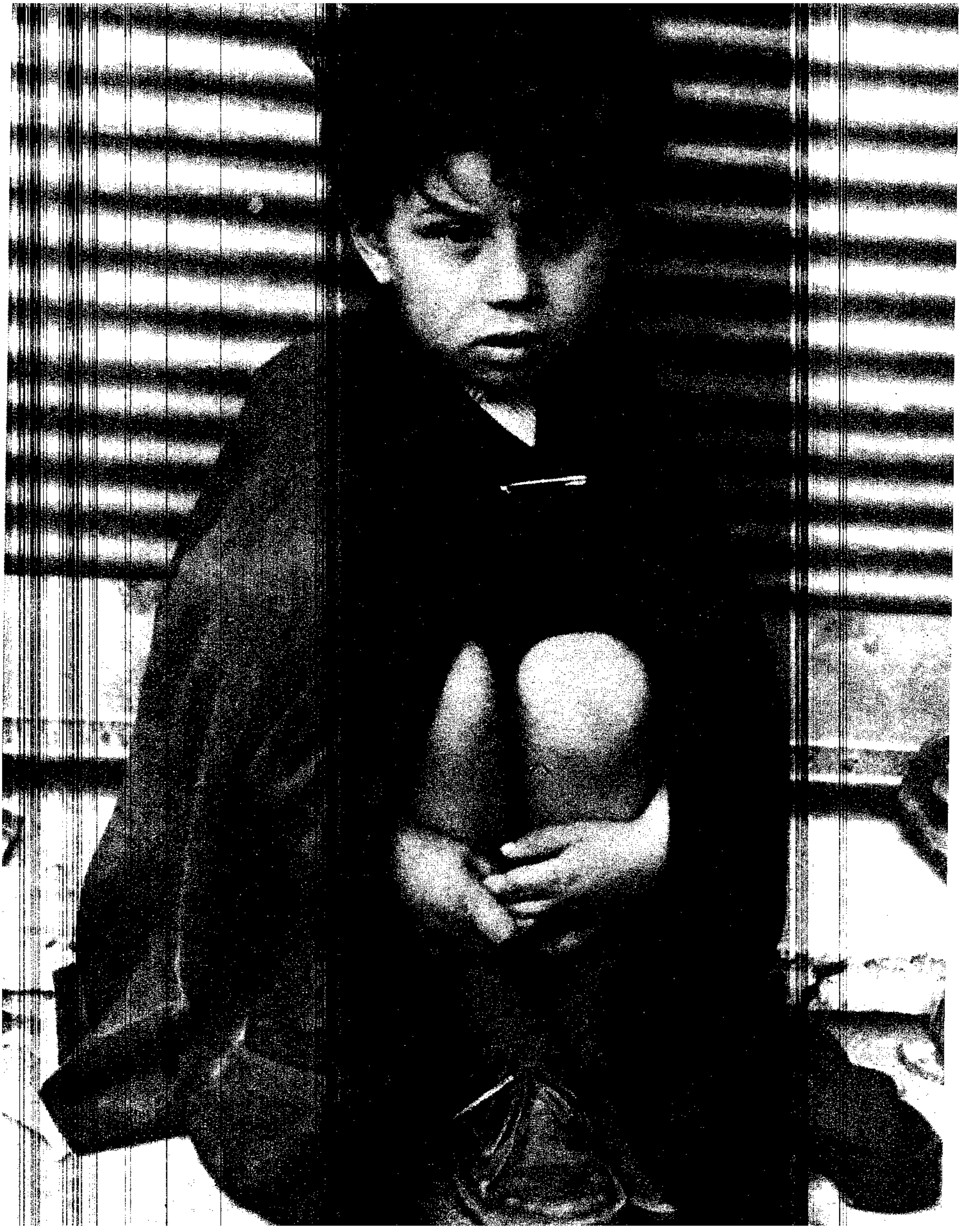
21. Where was the contest held which figured in Mark Twain's famous story about the jumping frog? ($6,480)

22. In what year was the Social Security Act signed? ($5,650)

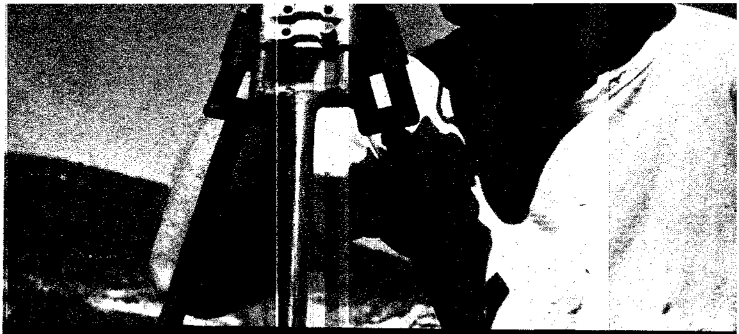
23. The first civil governor of the Philippines later became President of the United States. Who was he? ($2,450)

24. In what American city is the U.S. Naval War College located? ($2,220)

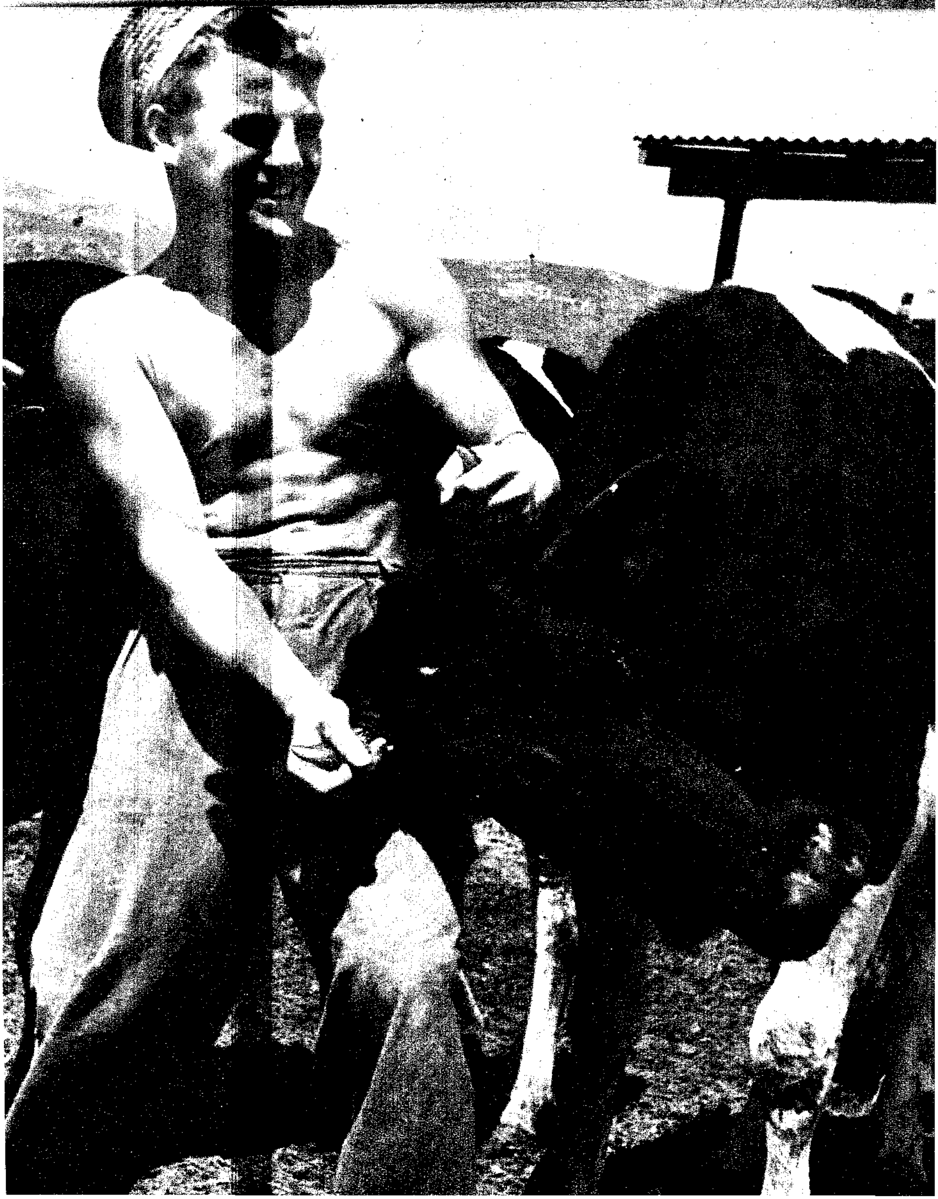
25. Give the official name of Portuguese East Africa. ($3,950)



This is Israel. For its settlers, beginnings are crude. For its people, there is neither ease nor luxury. But for its children, there are schools and nurseries, and happiness.

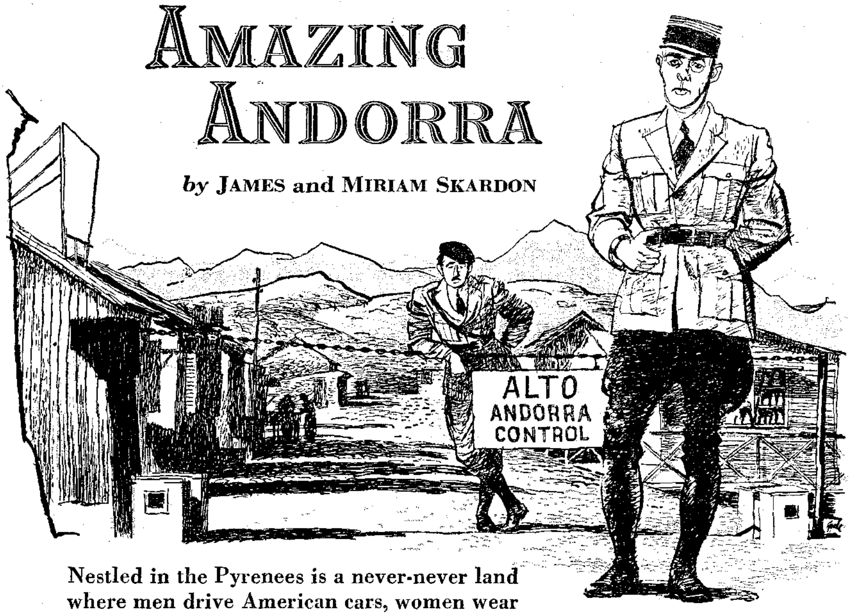


Surveyors and engineers furrow the earth. From the Sea of
the Mediterranean, they lay pipe lines, bring water hundre
to the wastelands of the South. They build roads and towns an



AMAZING ANDORRA

by **JAMES** and **MIRIAM SKARDON**



Nestled in the Pyrenees is a never-never land where men drive American cars, women wear Parisian hair styles, and no one pays taxes

If a piece of the moon inhabited by strange creatures were to fall on earth, it would not seem any more out of place than Andorra, the mysterious, midget nation thousands of feet up in the Pyrenees.

Andorra—world's quaintest and most isolated country, nestled among snowy mountain peaks between France and Spain—is the mecca of the tourist who seeks the bizarre and the unreal. The travelers who are able to work their way over the narrow, twisting former cow path that serves as the tiny country's only border-to-border road find themselves rubbing their eyes in disbelief. For here, truly, is the "crazy house" of nations, the place where all life seems reflected in trick mirrors.

To get to this 18-by-17-mile never-never land you must either drive your own car or take the bus from Ax-les-Thermes in France. The ribbon of road takes you into the clouds and near peaks covered with snow, even in midsummer. Suddenly rounding a turn, you see below a scene of infinite, craggy beauty.

There, hugging the base of the mountains, is a toy nation of graystone houses, pine forests, clear waterfalls and rivers, terraced fields and acres of wild flowers. This is Andorra, a "lost" country until roads were built to its borders by France and Spain in the '20s.

You are just about to tell yourself that here at long last is a paradise on earth, when a wild-eyed peasant at the wheel of a new American car roars by in a cloud of dust, his wife sitting primly beside him, decked out in the latest Paris hairdo and fashions.

"How does it happen," you ask the bus driver, "that mountain shepherds are driving new American cars?"

"Smuggling," he answers.

The Andorrans have always been smugglers. Back in 784 A.D., when Charlemagne gave the country independence for helping him fight the Moors, the local government sold citizens monopolies on the right to smuggle certain items. In those days the Andorrans carried the goods on foot over secret mountain paths. In World War I, when the big business was smuggling mules from Spain to France, the Andorrans loaded contraband goods on the mules openly in the market places and ran both the mules and goods over the borders.

Things really began to boom for the Andorrans with the advent of World War II. Never had the swarthy, nimble people been so busy trotting back and forth across their borders. Down their lone road moved not only contraband, but spies, anti-Nazis from France, Allied airmen shot down over Europe and escaping to Africa, and finally, the Vichyites and other Nazi collaborators, with everybody spying on everybody else and turning peaceful Andorra into a hotbed of international intrigue.

Through all this flurry, the levelheaded Andorrans kept stuffing pesetas and francs into their pockets. When a spy would ask "What's new?" the Andorran would answer, "Nothing, sir, has been *new* here for a thousand years," and get on with his smuggling.

Today, a native car, truck or bus crossing the Andorran border usually carries at least one or two shifty-eyed fellows in sandals and rust-colored corduroy suits, clutching radios, tires, bolts of silk, boxes of spices or other items of modern commerce. Just before the vehicle reaches the customs station, it stops. The men get out and strike for the mountain paths that go around the customs. Many of these once-lowly peasants have made up to 80,000 pesetas a year smuggling—a sizable fortune in Spain or France.

WALK DOWN the main street of such medieval towns as Andorra la Vella or Escaldes and you see shop windows full of refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, canned goods, and the finest in cognac, perfumes, cameras, watches, expensive tweeds and other luxury goods. Food is plentiful and delicious. However, a guest in an Andorran hotel finds no hot water and little heat of any kind above the ground floor.

Hot running water is not the only hallmark of the modern world that the Andorrans eschew. Isolated from the rest of humanity for hundreds of years, they pay no income taxes and avoid the complicated economic regulations so prevalent in the rest of the world. Andorrans are not confronted by communists or divorce, never have to worry about a national debt and have not sent their sons off to war on an organized basis for a thousand years.

Crime is as lacking in Andorra as other 20th-century headaches. With the people too rich to steal and too busy smuggling to kill or break any other of the country's few laws, the Andorran police force of six men usually finds time hanging on its hands. Nothing is closer to an Andorran's heart than his land. Every possible inch of the valley land and lower slopes is cultivated with mule-drawn, hand-carved wood plows for growing small quantities of grain, tobacco, peas and potatoes. The upper slopes—communal property like the nation's rivers and streams—are used to graze cattle and sheep, which provide wool, milk and meat.

Much of the work in the Andorran fields is done by donkeys and women. The sturdy little donkeys stagger under loads of grain that engulf them. The loads carried by the equally sturdy women, who have to earn the right to their Paris fashions, hairdos and nylons, are not much smaller. The more work a woman can do, the more she is admired by Andorran men. In fact, the male of the species, when he spots a strapping girl to his liking, may first feel her biceps before committing himself to further action.

Andorran girls often do not get much beyond their twelfth birthday before some lad, all of 14 himself, is taken by the young lady's ability to hoist a sack of grain, and arranges through the heads of their families to marry her. There is a complete absence of divorce in the country. Premarital and extramarital affairs are frowned upon, and should a baby be born out of wedlock, it is immediately sent from the country to a French or Spanish foundling home.

In Andorra, there are no streetcars or railroads, and everywhere herds of sheep and donkey-drawn carts mix freely with automobiles. The Andorrans publish no newspaper of their own, although they dote on American movie magazines and comic books. However, the natives are not interested enough in what goes on around them to put in long-distance phone service. The nation's central switchboard, for local calls only, is inactive hour after hour.

A visit to the country's capital is a far cry from riding down Washington's Pennsylvania Avenue. The town, Andorra la Vella, has a population of but 900. You can usually find the "president" of the country, called the *syndic*, chatting with his friends on the corner or sitting by his fireside.

The president, as well as other officials called *vegeurs*, are representatives of the President of France and Spain's Bishop of Seo de Urgel, who theoretically govern Andorra under an agreement established by warring Spanish and French princes in 1278. The Andorran Government has been little changed since that date, making it one of the oldest continuous governments in the world.

Andorrans for the most part speak Catalan, handed down from their ancestors in northern Spain, but many speak French and Spanish. They have no currency of their own, using both francs and pesetas interchangeably. The little country has its own flag—a vertical blue, yellow and red tricolor—and its own army consisting of the heads of families, who must keep a rifle and ammunition handy in case some misguided party should decide to attack the nation.

Even the school system is no budget problem in Andorra, for education is supported by the French, the Spanish and the Church. The schools are one-room affairs that train children only up to 14. After that, if they want more learning, they have to go to France or Spain.

As there are practically no taxes in Andorra, the national revenue comes from customs duties, the sale of electric-power concessions to French and Spanish interests that built the road and the country's three power plants, the bank and the issuance of automobile licenses. This last-named activity—the result of the traffic of cars, trucks and buses from France, through Andorra for sale in Spain—is so flourishing that Andorra has the high auto-registrations rate of at least one vehicle for every nine members of the population.

Cars are bought in France, driven over the border next day, receive Andorran registration by noon and are sold in Spain by nightfall for 100 percent profit. In recent years Radio Andorra, built with the latest American equipment, has paid a sum into the national fund. This station, because of its altitude and power, covers all Europe and is about the only European national radio carrying commercials and American music.

Andorrans are no happier to see you leave their land than they were to see you come.

All in all, the country's attitude is fairly well reflected in that of the Andorran guide hired to take refugees over the border during the Spanish Civil War. The guide brought his party to the bank of a creek and stopped. "Over there is Andorra," he said. "I will leave you here."

"Aren't you going to see us across?" he was asked.

"No," the Andorran said. "I will wait here. If I don't hear any shots, I'll know you are safely across."

"What if you do hear shots?"

"Then," answered the Andorran, "I'll know that they've probably shot you down, and since you'll be beyond any help I could give you, I'll run for my life."

Patients! Patients!

"But, madam, I'm afraid you're making a terrible mistake," protested the noted composer and conductor. "I am a doctor, certainly, but I'm a doctor of music."

"That's why I came to you," replied the old lady. "I have a singing in my ears." —*Christian Herald*

A doctor usually has two kinds of charity patients—those who can't afford to pay him and those who can. —O. A. Battista

An Indian had gone to see the doctor, who, after examining him, told him to be careful about what he ate—in fact, not to eat at all until he got an appetite. Meeting the Indian a few days later, the doctor asked how he felt.

"Oh, I feel fine now," he replied. "I wait one day, appetite no come, wait two day, appetite no come, wait three day, appetite no come, get so hungry eat anyway." —A. Edgar Willis

HEADS AT WORK

WHEN SIR JAMES THORNHILL was painting the inside of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, he stepped back on the scaffolding to observe the effect. Out of the corner of his eye he noticed one of his assistants suddenly dip a brush into a can of black paint and smear it over a corner of the unfinished creation. Furious, Sir James started forward, when the assistant cried in obvious relief: "Wait, sir—look around. You were inches from the edge of the scaffolding. If I had spoken to you, you would surely have looked around and fallen. It was the only way I could think of to save you!"

A MAN STANDING forward on a ferryboat saw part of a hearing aid lying on the deck. He retrieved it, thought a minute and shouted, "Hey, there!"

Every head turned except that of one man near the rail. The finder went over, tapped him on the shoulder and returned the lost part.

—FRANCES RODMAN

A CHICAGO MERCHANT was summoned suddenly to a big business meeting in New York. It was scheduled to last four days, and he had to catch a plane at the Cicero airport within the hour. Problem: how to contact his wife, who was on a shopping spree in the Loop? The merchant thought hard—then suddenly ordered his secretary to cancel at once all his wife's charge accounts. She called up in a rage 12 minutes later.

—BENNETT CERF

OUR NEIGHBOR'S child had the habit of dropping in for a visit —and forgetting to leave. Then I hit on this: "Tommy," I would say, "remind me to give you a little package when you go home." In five minutes he could stand the suspense no longer, and would take his package (a few brightly wrapped cookies) and leave.

—*Rotarian*

THEY HAD BEEN air-borne a couple of hours when the veteran pilot of the air liner turned to his young copilot and said, "Take over for a few minutes, will you? I want to go back to the washroom."

"Sure, I'll take over," the copilot agreed. "But with all these children we have aboard this trip —you'll just have to stand in line like anybody else."

"Oh, no I won't."

"How do you figure that?" the young man asked in surprise.

Reaching forward with a grin, the pilot pressed a button on the instrument panel. Behind him, in the cabin, a glass panel lit up with the ominous words—PLEASE FASTEN SEAT BELTS. The pilot waited a moment, then strolled unhindered back to the washroom.

—CHRIS JOHNSON, JR.

Those Sunshine Letters

by THOMAS C. DESMOND

(Chairman, New York State Joint Legislative Committee on Problems of the Aging)

With the help of the U.S. mail, Ma and Pa Bobb bring cheer to hundreds of shut-ins

YOU COULD TELL this was a special day for Mrs. Marion Croft, trim white-haired widow who lived alone in her small suburban cottage. Her crisp rose-print dress almost crackled as she adjusted slip covers and polished candlesticks.

When her work was finished, Mrs. Croft leaned back in a chair beside the window and watched the ribbonlike path that led to her door. At last she saw him.

The mailman had been going past her house with monotonous regularity, but this day he turned up the path, bearing a single envelope. "I know who it's from," she smiled. "Ma and Pa Bobb, bless 'em! They're the only ones who didn't forget my 75th birthday."

This same day, other lonely oldsters in cities, villages and on farms—most of them bedridden or in wheel chairs—were receiving similar birthday greetings from friends they had never seen. What the cards said didn't matter much. What was important was that they came. To elderly shut-ins, often suffering more from loneliness and neglect than physical ailments, the name of Ma and Pa Bobb has become synonymous with thoughtfulness, warmth and companionship.

During the past nine years, thousands of shut-ins have received birthday and Christmas greetings, as well as letters twice a month. The Bobbs are a real couple, themselves nearing their 70th milestone, who live modestly near Canastota, New York, and consider bringing cheer to others the greatest satisfaction in life.

There is no mention in the letters of wars and economic problems. Instead, they are about things like the buckwheat cakes with bacon that mom used to serve in the farmhouse kitchen; the peddlers who once came to rural areas with pins, thread, shoelaces and buttons; the old covered bridges; and the woodbox beside the kitchen stove.

These letter visits to shut-ins were begun in 1942. At first only 50 were reached, but the project snowballed until, today, more than 1,400 elderly people, all with physical handicaps which make it next to impossible for them to have any activity, hear regularly from Ma and Pa Bobb. Most are in the East, but some are as far away as Indiana, Florida and Ohio.

You might wonder why the Bobbs chose to help elderly shut-ins rather than some other handicapped group. The answer is simply that they always liked old people. "They are so appreciative," says Pa Bobb, "of what is done for them. They need stimulation and encouragement. They want to be remembered. And they are so deserving."

Reaching 50 shut-ins at first did not present any great problems of time or finances. But a serious question arose. Knowing through grateful messages of the cheer they had brought to scores of depressed oldsters, Ma and Pa Bobb felt they must try to reach all the shut-ins they could. But how to find them?

A new letter-writing campaign was started, aimed at health departments and public-health associations in New York State and Connecticut, in the hope of enlisting their cooperation. The idea was explained by Pa Bobb to New York State Social Welfare Commissioner Robert T. Lansdale.

"I am sold," said Lansdale. "What can we do for the cause?"

Soon Ma and Pa Bobb were almost snowed under, but it was a blizzard they enjoyed. Some help was now obviously needed, and a group of interested people got together: business and professional people from Canastota, Syracuse and Rochester; and a women's organization from Massachusetts.

The oldsters know that they are not expected or obligated to write in return. But trying to stop them would be about as easy as holding back Niagara Falls. In the past three years, one "youngster" of 96 has written to the Bobbs 96 times, and he's still going strong.

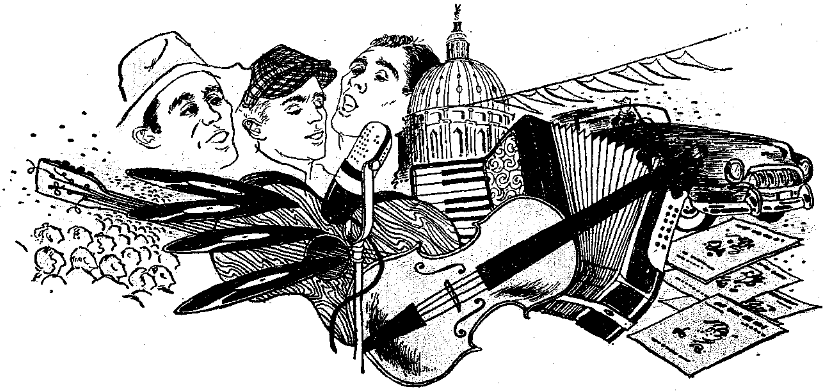
The stationery of Ma and Pa bears a picture of a winding country road. Puffy white clouds are still in a clear sky, and mountains rise majestically in the distance. At one side of the road, flowers grow around a mailbox bearing the name of Ma and Pa Bobb. Across the road stands a little brown cottage, surrounded by a rustic picket fence. The gate is wide open.

This is a grateful artist's conception of "The House by the Side of the Road," the home of an elderly couple in Canastota who want to be friends to man.

Cash for Questions (Answers to quiz on page 108)

1. William Allen White; 2. Ann Rutledge; 3. Rosinante; 4. Charlotte Brontë; 5. Max Carey—10 seasons (Pittsburgh); 6. Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes; 7. Quito (Ecuador); 8. Spain; 9. D; 10. John Bunyan; 11. Arizona, Nevada; 12. James Whitcomb Riley; 13. September 2, 1945 (Tokyo time); 14. Captain Ahab; 15. James J. Corbett, James J. Jeffries and James J. Braddock; 16. Oklahoma, New Mexico, Arizona; 17. Millard Fillmore; 18. Sigmund Romberg; 19. Raphael (Raphael Santi d'Urbino); 20. "Life with Father"; 21. Calaveras County (California); 22. 1935; 23. William Howard Taft; 24. Newport, R. I.; 25. Mozambique.

NASHVILLE
Broadway of Country Music



by **H. B. TEETER**

The 25-million-a-year industry that started with old-time folk songs

NEARLY 25 YEARS ago in Bristol, Tennessee, a dying railroad man named Jimmie Rodgers recorded two songs for a Victor scout searching the hills for talent. And the songs tubercular Rodgers sang that day were among the forerunners of the lonesome blues hits of the late '20s and the early '30s.

Jimmie Rodgers, "The Singing Brakeman," was a pioneer in the type of music that built a 25-million-dollar-a-year industry in Nashville, home of the Grand Ole Opry and the Broadway of country music.

Events occurring today in Nashville comprise a sociological phenomenon. "What is it we have here, why is it here and will it ever stop growing?" the newly-rich song publishers, record firms and performers keep asking.

Every Saturday, from dark to midnight, the guitars sigh and the fiddles wail in barn-like old Ryman Auditorium. Half an hour of this country jam session, the Grand Ole Opry has been broadcast over NBC for 27 years.

Backstage, meanwhile, mill scores of colorful characters: genuine folk musicians, cowboy musicians, hillbillies, river roustabouts, corny comedians, the last of the minstrel men. Many of them live in sumptuous homes and on bluegrass estates, almost within the shadow of Nashville's Parthenon.

Men like "Cousin" Louie Buck, veteran WSM announcer, who have watched country music grow, say this about the phenomenon: "Nashville has become the Broadway of country music because it gathered native tunes from all sections of a big country—from East, West, North and South. It is more than hillbilly. It is valley-billy, river-billy, desert-billy and blues-billy as well."

WSM, originator of country music in the Grand Ole Opry style, is a rich and powerful station, but views its role modestly. "We didn't plan it," executives say. "It just grew. All we did was let it grow."

Meanwhile, Nashville's music industry gets the long look down the nose from many a Nashvillian who wants his city of colleges and universities to retain the title, "Athens of the South."

The late "Uncle" Dave Macon, a genuine folk singer and an Opry star since the early days, positively didn't study music at Peabody College. But he most certainly was a colorful factor in the amazing spread of country music.

In 1939, WSM officials told Uncle Dave he would have to leave his beloved Cannon County hills for a trip to Hollywood, to help make a picture with a Grand Ole Opry background. He fingered his white goatee and shifted his five-string "banjer" under his arm.

"Where's the money at?" he asked WSM's Harry Stone.

Stone explained that Uncle Dave would have to pay his own expenses to California. The old fellow turned to his son, Dorris. "Boy," he said, "go to the bank and git me a sackful of money."

Dorris returned with a sackful large enough for a man to carry over his shoulder, and it went to California with the following: two banjos, a small suitcase containing a change of clothing, a large country ham and a butcher knife.

The old man sliced from the ham three times a day, explaining: "I heard tell it takes two weeks to get to California—and we shore will need something to eat."

Young whippersnappers like Red Foley, Ernest Tubb, Hank Snow, Hank Williams and Carl Smith are typical of the present-day country musician. Tubb, a Texan, wanted to be like Jimmie Rodgers. So did Snow, a Canadian. So did Williams, an Alabaman. All are Opry stars. All were in the $100,000 to $200,000 income bracket last year.

"Jimmie Rodgers was beyond compare," Tubb says. "There'll never be another like him."

WILLIAMS, TYPICAL of the group, is long, lean, sad, poetic—and has lived the kind of life he sings about. A boy when the Depression hit, young Hank sold peanuts to railroad workmen, shined shoes and listened to Rodgers sing such ballads as: "T for Texas, T for Tennessee" and "Blue Yodel."

Hank has written hundreds of songs; in fact, he has an alter ego named "Luke the Drifter" for the "take-home" rather than the jukebox trade. Three of his songs have invaded hot spots in the popular field —"Cold, Cold Heart," "Hey, Good Looking" and "I Can't Help It."

Gifted with high intelligence, an amazing memory and a poetic talent that fills his pockets with songs he will never have time to publish, Williams remains "a plain old country boy" who feels the songs he writes and sings.

"If you aren't a country boy, you can't write or sing country music," says Roy Acuff, still listed as "King of the Hillbillies." Roy sings like nobody else on earth, and has made a cool million doing it.

"It is the simplicity of our songs, I guess," he says. "More than that, it is something in here—something in the heart."

Entertainers like Eddy Arnold have been running neck and neck with the Crosbys and the Sinatras in record and sheet-music sales. Like Foley and others, Arnold has neither hoedown nor pop for sale.

What is it, then? Nobody has given it a name. "Country music" comes near, but doesn't quite fit. There are many who believe history will write it down as the true American music.

Paul Cohen, a music manager for Decca records, helped to start the new trend. Shortly after World War II, Cohen approached Owen Bradley, one of Nashville's top musicians.

"How about adding you and your electric organ to Red Foley, the guitars and fiddles?" he asked Bradley.

"I thought he was crazy—but he was right," Bradley says.

Since then, Bradley's melodies have backgrounded many a country singer, filling the ever-growing demand for music which lies between folk and popular.

TIED-IN WITH Nashville's gold mine of country talent is one of the biggest of the "country" music firms, Acuff-Rose, where business was 75 percent better in 1951 than in 1950; three locally-owned recording firms—Tennessee, Bullett and Dot; and a backlog of songwriters who have made Nashville their home since it became the Broadway of country music.

Meanwhile, the Grand Ole Opry is sold out ten weeks in advance, as many a prosperous Iowa farm family has learned with dismay after driving down to Nashville on a week end.

The country boys have the run of the nation during the week, but they speed back to Nashville on Saturday night for a pay check, free advertising on a 50,000-watt radio station and the fame that goes with appearance on the Grand Ole Opry.

Old-time vaudeville never saw anything like it. Tubb, for example, will leave Nashville after the Opry and fly to Pennsylvania, which, incidentally, is the most lucrative field for Nashville's country musicians. During the week he may work the East or hop down to Texas.

During a recent week, while he earned thousands, Tubb slept only three hours "in a bed" between a Thursday and a Sunday. Little Jimmy Dickens traveled 90,000 miles in six months, averaging four hours sleep a night.

In Baltimore, Acuff and his comical Smoky Mountain Boys sang "Wabash Cannon Ball" and "Great Speckled Bird" before 50,000 persons, and the Maryland highway patrol was five hours untangling the traffic jam. These country musicians are not without temperament. But by and large they are as earthy, plain-spoken and cooperative as the country folks next door.

During a recent tour of the nation, Hank Williams and Minnie Pearl starred with Milton Berle, Bob Hope and Carmen Miranda. Berle, who likes to get in everybody's act, found Williams waiting for him in the wings.

"Mr. Berle," Williams drawled,

"if you even try to git in my act, I'll wrap this here guitar right around your head."

Berle stayed away from the Drifting Cowboys that night.

Top country-music writers like Fred Rose will tell you theirs is the music of a people who may not know the mathematics of a Wagnerian opera or a Brahms symphony, but they know what it is to hear the sound of "Chattanooga Shoeshine Boy."

Songs like "Lonesome Whistle" tell a story and touch the heart of country and city folks alike. Some can remember how "Mamma and Daddy Broke My Heart," many have prayed night after night for "Just a Closer Walk with Thee" and just about everybody, at one time or another, has known a "Little Angel with a Dirty Face" around the home.

It was inevitable, from the time the first pioneer crossed near Old Smoky with his Elizabethan zither, that such music would grow with the country.

And though history books may never mention it, it is perhaps significant that during World War II, Japanese troops charged American Marines, and were slaughtered, while shouting this crowning insult: "To hell with Roosevelt! To hell with Babe Ruth! To hell with Roy Acuff!"

Quoteworthy

Coming together is a beginning; keeping together is progress; working together is success.

—Henry Ford

Even if you are on the right track, you will get run over if you just sit there. —*Sunshine Magazine*

When an old rabbi was asked why God made only two people, Adam and Eve, he replied: "So that nobody can say 'I came from better stock than you do.' "

—*Treasury of Sermon Illustrations*
(Edited by Charles L. Wallis)
Abingdon-Cokesbury Press

My great concern is not whether you have failed, but whether you are content with your failure.

—Abraham Lincoln

Pray as though no work would help, and work as though no prayer would help. —*German proverb*

The best and most important part of every man's education is that which he gives himself.

—Edward Gibbon

We make a living by what we get, but we make a life by what we give. —*Coffee Cup*

Could I climb to the highest place in Athens, I would lift my voice and proclaim: "Fellow citizens, why do you turn and scrape every stone to gather wealth, and take so little care of your children to whom one day you must relinquish it all?" —*Socrates*

The Sheriff Rides a Runaway Balloon

by **L. Glen Snarr**

At the risk of his life, Warren W. Hyde saved America from a deadly wartime menace

A RANCHER in rugged northern Utah started out to do his chores on a brisk, clear February morning in 1945. Halfway to the corral he threw a startled look toward his north pasture. Then he sprinted to the ranch house and phoned Warren W. Hyde, sheriff of Box Elder County.

"Sheriff, there's a strange contraption up here."

In Brigham City, the county seat, Hyde tensed. "What does it look like, Floyd?"

"Like a big parachute. Except it isn't spread on the ground. It's hanging in the air, sort of."

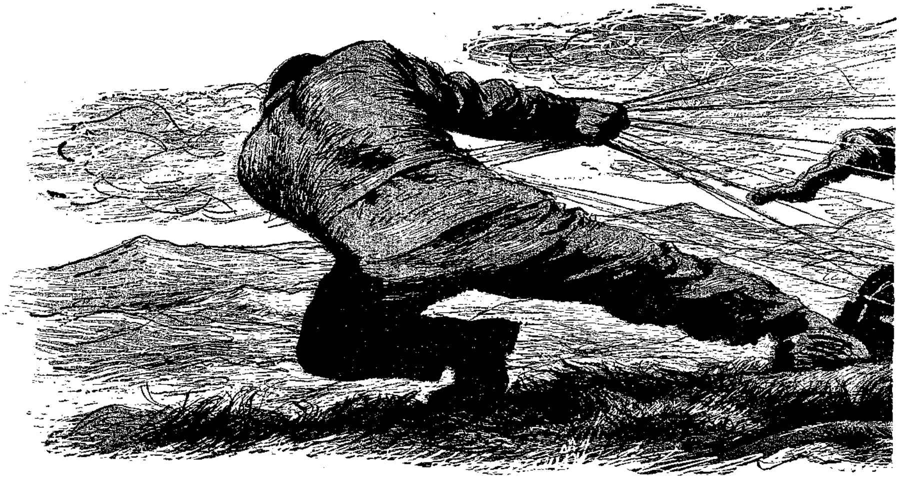
"Could it be a balloon of some kind?" asked Hyde.

"That's it!" Floyd Stohl said.

"Don't mention this to anyone," Hyde snapped. "Don't go near that balloon. If this is what I think it might be, it's important. I'm coming right out."

Hyde hailed his deputy, Leo Cottam, and gave orders. "Telephone Jay Newman at the FBI in Salt Lake City. Tell him I think we may have located a Jap balloon. Then send some of the riding posse to Stohl's ranch with horses."

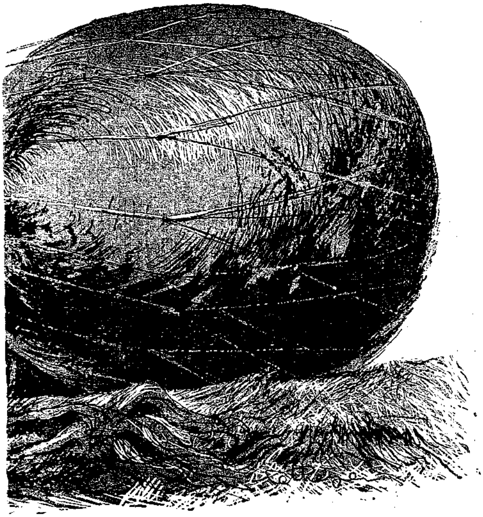
The Sheriff buckled a gun low on his hip, shrugged burly shoulders



into a leather jacket and picked up his white Stetson. Then he started out on one of the most incredible adventures of World War II—an adventure far more bizarre than anything encountered by Hyde's predecessors, the legendary, fast-shooting Western sheriffs.

Hyde's foe was no two-gun outlaw. It was something far more sinister—a bomb-laden Jap balloon. And his battle was more significant than any foray pulled off by frontier lawmen, for on the outcome of Hyde's daring feat rested not only his life but the lives of thousands of Americans.

This attack by balloons marked the first time in history that death-dealing missiles had been sent overseas without human guidance. The ominous weapons threatened American cities and military bases. They endangered forests, and gave the Japanese a means to start bacteria warfare—if they wanted.



No one knew just what they were, how they traveled 5,000 miles to hit their target or how their bombs were dropped at the right time. And the Japanese kept their secret well; a final bomb automatically exploded the balloon, once its mission had been fulfilled.

News of the weird attack was shrouded in military censorship. Hyde's story is told here in full for the first time.

FEW AMERICANS know that during the six months of the attack the Japanese launched more than 9,000 balloons at the United States. A good many reached here. Parts of almost 300 were found in North America—a few as far east as Michigan and Wisconsin.

The U. S. first learned of the balloon bombardment when a fragment was found in Montana. Others were seen exploding in the air. A Navy patrol craft sighted one floating off our West Coast, but the men couldn't pull it aboard.

In January, 1945, the tempo of the barrage was stepped up—the Japanese seemed to be perfecting their strange weapon. Our worried military leaders still hoped to recover a balloon intact. Sheriff Hyde, and every other peace officer in the Western states, had been informed of the balloons by the FBI, and told about the importance of capturing one whole.

To himself, Hyde thus hurriedly reviewed the meager facts provided by the FBI. As he reached his car, Deputy Cottam called out, "Jay Newman and some of his men are on their way. Be here in an hour and a half."

"What did he say about the balloon?" Hyde asked.

"Said to do everything possible to salvage it."

"I'll get it!" Hyde promised.

"Reckon you will," Leo muttered to himself. He knew his boss as a jovial, robust man, with a stubborn streak as wide as the sinewy shoulders on his 200-pound frame.

Warren Hyde made fast time to the Stohl ranch. As he swung his car along the entrance road, he could see the balloon in the distance, floating free. To Hyde, it looked like a huge bouncing ball, moving away from him.

The Sheriff wheeled his car through a pasture gate, gunned across the field after it. He gained rapidly for a few hundred yards. Then his car began to skid in the thawing earth. Suddenly it jolted to a churning stop.

The sun had warmed the balloon, making it buoyant again. It drifted north across the ranch; Hyde realized he was losing his prize. Quickly he unfastened his gun belt and slung it into the car—a man can't run with a .38 dangling on his hip. And Hyde had a race ahead of him.

He loped across the field, eying the balloon as he ran. It seemed to move more rapidly now, flitting just above the ground. The wind swept it up and over a low hill. Hyde, gasping for breath, dug in. He nearly caught it at the top of the hill, then it drifted away.

The Sheriff knew he was now out of sight of the ranch house and his car. Help would be a long time coming. This was wild cattle country, with ranches few and far between. The FBI men would have a long drive from Salt Lake City.

Hyde paused to catch his breath, then resumed the chase. The balloon passed over Blue Creek Divide, then was sucked by a down draft into a narrow canyon. Beyond, the land spread out vast and desolate, dotted by brush and patches of snow.

Hyde sprinted, and when he reached the edge of the canyon, the balloon was waiting for him. "I've got it!" he yelled.

His prize was a tremendous thing, much larger than he had imagined. It towered 85 feet from the top of the pearl-gray balloon to the carriage dangling at the end of almost 200 shroud lines.

Hyde's eyes narrowed. A black object clung to the undercarriage—a lethal demolition bomb. He knew the mechanism had been rigged to explode when it touched the ground—or when anyone touched it. That knowledge made him realize the perilous implications of his job.

A puff of wind danced the balloon a few feet away. Gingerly, Hyde stepped forward and grasped one of the shroud lines. Again the wind tugged. Hyde was sweating now. But he held on and tried vainly to dig his feet into the ground.

Like a thing alive, the balloon suddenly jerked Hyde off his feet and lurched into the air. The man dangled like a tiny puppet as the balloon leaped and twisted upward. Hyde watched the ground spin away to become a swirling, indistinct mass. His vision blurred. Dizziness turned to nausea. His hands slipped and he almost fell.

"I'll jump," he muttered through clenched teeth. Then he saw his chance. The balloon was nearing the opposite side of the canyon where a ridge jutted upward.

"I wrestled the balloon, trying to

make it drop a little," he recalls today. "Maybe I succeeded or maybe the wind died. My feet touched the ridge, and I dragged the balloon to a stop."

Hyde tried to anchor it to some bushes. A gust of wind foiled the attempt. This time, the balloon floated back across the canyon. Hyde dug his feet into the ground, but once more he was in the air. Again he fought fear and sickness. The ground below was a whirling pattern of dirt and grass, sagebrush and snow—with a new peril added.

The shroud lines began to twist and turn. Hyde had to struggle to keep from becoming entwined or knocked from his hazardous perch.

The top of the canyon again stopped the weird flight. But no sooner had the balloon halted than air currents again swung it back across the canyon. Several times the sphere drifted back and forth, punishing its unwilling passenger. Finally Hyde fought the balloon to a jarring stop. Meanwhile the bomb absorbed shock after shock.

Hyde fought like a man pitted against a crafty living foe. He forgot the bomb, forgot hands that were raw from rope burns. Tugging at the ropes, he threw every ounce of weight into the brawl. Knocked down, he leaped up and charged again, like a prize fighter stung to anger by a stunning blow.

"I've got to let it go," he whispered. But he knew that, without his 200 pounds, the balloon would quickly soar away. So he hung on, wobbly, sick, bruised and weary.

Without warning, the wind shifted and the balloon lifted. Again Hyde glimpsed the ground, 30 feet below. Despair gripped him. Then came a kind of crazy determination.

He swung his body from side to side, managing to start the balloon swaying slightly. Then he grabbed as high as he could on the shroud lines and let his body drop, falling until the last second before grabbing again. The weight jerked the balloon downward.

He repeated the risky stunt. The balloon dipped a bit, then a little more. Hyde clung to the shroud lines at the lower end and thrust his feet downward. His shoes scraped the top of some bushes, then snagged into them. The balloon stopped. Somehow, Hyde anchored it. But exhaustion now blurred his senses.

Only dimly was he aware of events that followed. The FBI agents arrived, then came Army and Navy men flown to Utah from San Francisco. Obeying numbly, he was ordered out of the way when experts detonated the bomb. Late into the night the men worked. Then they left, taking the deflated balloon with them.

One of them paused to warn the fatigued sheriff: "Remember, this little episode is our secret. Keep it that way."

Hyde didn't mention the incident, even to his wife or children. But he couldn't help thinking about it. Most of all, he wondered if the risk and the grueling fight had been worth it.

Four months later, on June 27, 1945, he was summoned to the Utah State Capitol. When he walked into the Governor's board room, everyone arose. Present were Army and Navy officers, civilian-defense leaders, state executives who had come to pay tribute to Warren Hyde;

and then it was that the sheriff learned the true significance of his adventure.

From Hyde's balloon, scientists had learned a lot. The spheres were made of mulberry-bark paper, equipped with sandbags and a barometer-controlled mechanism. When the balloon dipped below 30,000 feet, the device dropped a sandbag. When the balloon went higher than 35,000 feet, the mechanism released hydrogen from the balloon. When the last ballast bag dropped, bombs would start falling at intervals.

To fly the weapons to the U. S., the Japanese merely sent the balloons aloft. Winds ranging up to 200 miles an hour whisked them to the North American continent.

Even more important than this information, scientists at the Naval Research Laboratory and California Institute of Technology determined that the sand had come from one of five places in Japan. With this information, the Air Force was able to locate the bases from which the balloons were being launched. Bombings followed. Result: the balloon barrage dwindled, then stopped—just before the forest-fire season began in the Western states.

Tears came to Hyde's eyes as the men praised him. But he never told the whole story, not even after J. Edgar Hoover wrote him a personal letter of thanks. Only recently was Hyde's exciting adventure "declassified" for publication.

And even today, few of the close friends and constituents whose safety he still protects as Sheriff of Box Elder County have any idea that colorful, blue-eyed Warren W. Hyde was actually a battle-front hero of World War II.

Minor Details

SOCIAL CASEWORKERS investigating the homes of applicants for financial aid have recorded in their reports the following unconscious classics in evaluation:

Woman and house neat but bare. . . . Couple breaking up home, friend helping. . . . Milk needed for the baby and father is unable to supply it.

Couple have been completely stripped. Now are barely able to get along. . . . These people are extremely cultured. Something should be done about their condition. . . . Couple's only source of income is four boarders all out of work. They owe $600. . . . Applicant took job as janitor in home for working girls—lasted less than three weeks.

Man recently had operation but is able to hold any position he assumes. . . . Woman still owes $45 for a funeral she had recently. . . . Woman says husband has illness that sounds like arithmetic. I think she means authorities. . . . Family's savings all used up—relatives helped. . . . Applicant and family got $15 from neighbors for moving from former address. . . . Saw mother and child—evidence of father. —DR. HERBERT H. STROUP

MOMENTS OF DECISION—NO. 1

THE COST OF GENIUS

by ERNEST WEIDNER

THE TWO RECORDING engineers were stunned by the man who stood before them. Sent to Europe to record the voices of leading singers, Frederick and William Gaisberg had hired top opera stars for $3 per recording. But here stood a tenor whose demands were fantastic.

"I will record ten songs for you for $500!" he said.

"That's absurd!" the Gaisbergs exclaimed. "We can record every singer in the Metropolitan Opera ten times over for that amount of money."

"But I am better than every singer in the Metropolitan Opera ten times over," said the tenor. "That is my price."

"But no one has even heard of you," pleaded the brothers.

"They will. My figure stands."

Staggered, the Gaisbergs cabled the demand to the Victor Talking Machine Company in London. Back came the reply: "Fee exorbitant. Forbid you to record!"

Then the Gaisbergs began to wonder. They had heard the tenor sing. Unquestionably his voice was great. True, he was relatively unknown. But if others admired his voice as the Gaisbergs did, then perhaps the investment would be wise. Yet the London office had said no —absolutely no.

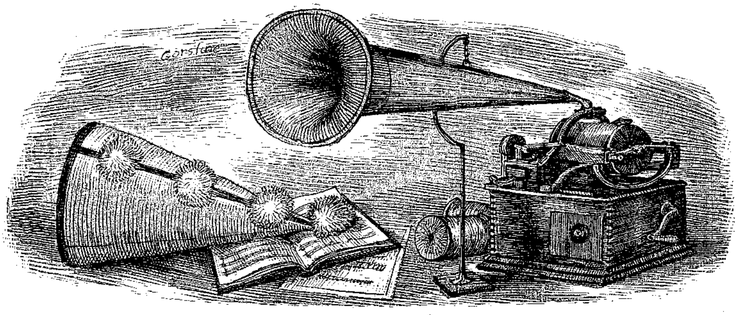
"Let's do it anyway," said Frederick Gaisberg. "We can pay him out of our expense money."

"It might cost us our jobs," William warned.

"Let's take the chance!"

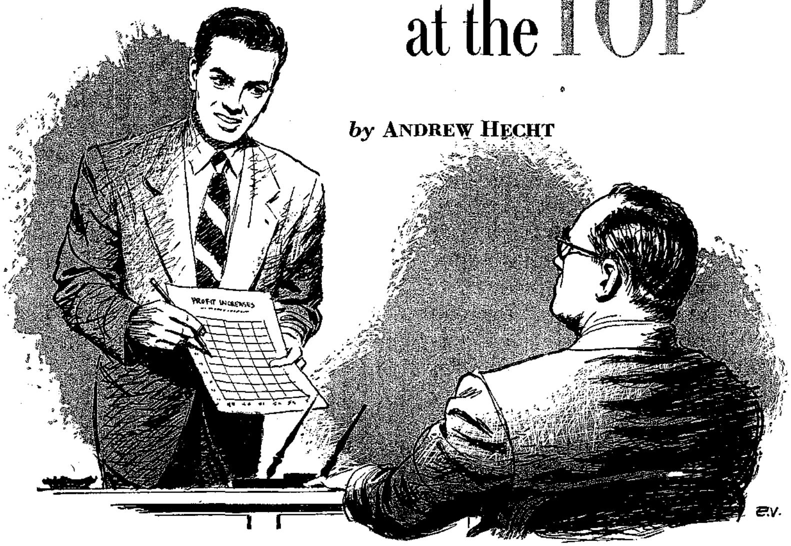
Suddenly determined, the brothers paid the $500 and recorded the ten songs. These recordings brought a rapid return of $75,000 to the Victor Company. And from subsequent records that the singer made, Victor grossed $15 million! The fame of the obscure tenor reached every corner of the world.

Yet, if the Gaisberg brothers had not decided to risk their jobs and $500, the world might never have thrilled to the magnificent voice of Enrico Caruso.



There's Still Room at the TOP

by ANDREW HECHT



Big Business looks to its own ranks in the "talent hunt" for potential executives

ONCE AGAIN AMERICA is turning into a Land of Opportunity—real opportunity for the man on the street to rise to the top. What's more, the carpet has been rolled out for him, inviting him to mount the steps.

It isn't a matter of opening up new frontiers or of hatching a tiny nest egg into a financial dinosaur. This time the opportunity lies in American business and its new system of "executive training."

All of the new "executive training" or "management development" plans have one thing in common: they make a systematic search for talent within a firm's organization in order to develop and promote it. No longer do you have to marry the boss' daughter to get that dream job.

Psychologists, personnel specialists, management engineers and just plain businessmen with a good deal of horse sense have developed a list of qualifications which have become more or less standard for evaluating potential executives.

What are these qualifications? How are they determined? And, above all, what do they mean to the average employee?

The most striking fact about executive-training programs is their sincerity. They represent an honest effort on management's part to find the most promising individuals among employees, and to promote them purely on the basis of merit.

Looking behind the scenes of top firms, one is amazed at the thoroughness and elaborate machinery of these programs. Also at their very substantial cost—cost, that is, to the company.

When Standard Oil Company of N. J. or General Electric want to broaden the scope of a hand-picked junior executive, they may send him to the Graduate School of Business Administration at Harvard for a 13-week course. His salary, his tuition, living and traveling expenses, plus the cost of a replacement during his absence, may easily amount to $10,000.

It is equally costly when National City Bank of New York sends selected men to Great Britain or France to acquaint them with conditions there; or when R. H. Macy & Company has scores of junior executives attend hours of lectures every week on company time.

All this is done without the slightest pretense of altruism. The companies readily admit that they act from purely selfish motives.

"Business conditions have changed," explains Thomas H. Nelson, president of Executive Training, Inc. "Fifty years ago we had only one executive for every 100 employees. Today we need one for every 35. Business *must* develop its executives from within."

Crucial point of all training plans is the systematic "appraisal" or "rating" of employees. To you, this step may mean success in life. To the employer, it may mean success or decline of his business.

The first thing your employer wants to know is your *job performance*. Unless you are completely competent in your present position, you have little chance of being picked for promotion in any department of your company.

But important as job performance is, employers place an almost equal stress on *personality* traits—how you get along with people. When it comes to a choice between two equally competent people, the bigger job goes to the man who inspires teamwork.

On the rating forms, which are sometimes highly elaborate, these two broad questions are broken down into a number of more specific ones. Ford Motor Company has 14 different categories on its forms; Esso Standard Oil Company has 18; Consolidated Edison and U. S. Rubber have as many as 23; while the Bigelow-Sanford Carpet Company has 26.

Ambition, initiative, analytical ability, planning, coordination, ability to make decisions, leadership, emotional stability, loyalty, tact and many other facets of a man's inner self are considered. For example, an assistant manager in the Methods and Standards Department of a Ford plant was classified as "above average," and his raters felt that he could reach a top management position.

Summarizing the appraisal of his qualifications, the assistant manager's superiors listed his assets as: "Thorough technical knowledge of his job; high degree of enthusiasm and initiative." His weak points were "Overattention to detail; poor development of subordinates; not good at leading staff conferences."

They discussed what they had found with him, and then proceeded to "fill the gaps." They sent him to a human-relations course at Wayne University to teach him how to develop subordinates; they worked out a reading program on management organization; and for three months they made him an observer at meetings of the Planning Committee where he could learn how to delegate authority.

To improve his leadership at conferences and meetings, they asked him to enroll in a course on "Public Speaking for Business Executives." To develop his professional insight, they named him temporary assistant to the Division Manager of Methods and Standards. To teach him how to work with people of different interests and backgrounds, they put him in charge of all routine contacts with other departments, and encouraged him to become a member of the American Management Association and the local Chamber of Commerce.

EVERY DAY SEES additional companies converted to executive training. The only ones who frown on such newfangled ideas are the proponents of strict seniority, and the self-made men whose motto is: "Cream will rise to the top." To which management consultants retort: "Yes, but it's more efficient to use a separator!"

One example among many is the case of Tom Wilcox, who, in March, 1951, at the age of 34, was made vice-president of the National City Bank of New York.

"His rating sheets over the years tell the story," says Harmon Martin, a personnel officer of the bank. "I hired him in 1934. If ever a boy entered business with no backing, no pull, no friends, it was Wilcox. When he asked about the future, I gave him the usual answer: that he make his own future. Wilcox took me up on it.

"He spent two years as a page boy and was rated best at that job. Then followed a year as messenger, carrying bags of checks around the city. Again, he was rated the bank's best messenger.

"In 1937, he started training to be a junior teller. In addition to doing his work well, he studied nights at New York University. During lunch hour, when others played ping-pong in the clubroom, he sat buried behind a mountain of books, doing homework.

"Then the bank sent him to Princeton for a year. Wilcox did so well that the university asked to keep him for another year so he could be graduated. When he returned, he was placed in the European District to learn foreign banking. After a four-year stint in the Navy, he worked in the Domestic Division with customers from all parts of the country.

"Wilcox became assistant cashier in 1945. Four years later, he was made assistant vice-president. At that time, he had everything—rounded experience, energy, personality, credit, savvy—everything but age to be a vice-president. So we waited two years until he was 34, to name him vice-president.

"Two factors determined Wilcox's success: his own abilities and *executive training.*"

The "good old days" may have offered opportunities which are gone forever. But in the economic jungles of the past, few even dreamed of the day when business would go out of its way to look for talent and raise it to the top.

Would You Make a Good Executive?

Based on the rating forms used by leading American corporations, here is a composite picture of the most important qualifications an executive should have.

To rate your own aptitudes, count ten points for each category in which you are excellent, proportionately less as your ability decreases—all the way down to one point for unsatisfactory. Add up your points and check your total against the following ratings:

100—Outstanding

80—Above average

60—Average

40—Below average

20 or less—Unsatisfactory

1. Do You Know Your Business?

Are you thoroughly familiar with every phase of your present job? Do you know what you are supposed to do, how to do it, and why? ______

2. Do You Practice What You Know?

In performing your job, do you always use your know-how? ______

3. Do You Have Ambition?

Are you driven by a strong desire to get ahead and to assume greater responsibilities? ______

4. Are You Good at Solving Problems?

Do you have "analytical ability," enabling you to size up all the facts of a situation quickly? ______

5. Can You Make Up Your Mind?

Can you get off the fence and make prompt decisions? ______

6. Are You a Good Organizer?

Can you break down a task into various steps, then assign responsibility for these steps to others? ______

7. Can You Handle People?

Are you a good judge of people? Can you inspire them to cooperate with you and to give their best efforts? ______

8. Do You Get Things Done?

Are you a self-starter or do you have to be pushed? Can you handle more than one assignment at a time without slowing down? ______

9. Do You Have Self-Control?

Are you mature enough to remain calm and composed regardless of the difficulties or personalities facing you? ______

10. Are You Loyal and Optimistic?

Do you have a positive attitude toward your employer and his policies? If you have criticism to make, is it constructive? ______

TOTAL ______

Words to Watch For

by HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

Most people make mistakes in everyday conversation by violating some simple rules of English. Listed below are 23 of the more common mistakes. Watch out for these words—and see how your conversation improves.

Either . . . or, neither . . . nor. "Or" is used with "either," "nor" is used with "neither." Either red or blue, neither red nor blue.

***

"Don't" is the contraction of do not. It should never be used with he, she or it. You do not say, "He don't believe me."

***

"Due to" always modifies a noun and not a verb. Therefore, as a rule, no sentence should begin with due to. Do not say, "He succeeded due to his intelligence." Say, "His success was due to his intelligence."

***

Be careful not to use "like" for "as if." "He looked as if he had lost his last friend," and not "like he had lost his last friend."

***

"Very" is a greatly overworked adverb. It is better to use it less frequently. Often "very" is used to modify a past participle, as "He was very disappointed" or "Mary was very pleased." Better say, "He was very much disappointed" or "Mary was very much pleased."

Many persons use the words "bad" and "badly" incorrectly. "Bad" means ill, sick or in pain. For example, John feels "bad." Henry looks "bad." "Bad" is an adjective modifying John and Henry. "Badly" is an adverb. Therefore you do not say when you are sick, "I feel badly."

***

Unless you mean a group, do not use "party" for "person." Do not say "The party that was in the library yesterday is working there again today." Say "Person," "man" or "woman."

***

When you look forward to some event, you "expect" it. You expect future events. You do not say, "I expect the man is a carpenter." You may say, "I suppose (or believe) the man is a carpenter."

***

Be extremely careful in using the article "the" before each of two or more connected adjectives or nouns to make the meaning clear. "The blue and red awnings" obviously does not mean the same as "The blue and the red awnings."

From 1001 Ways to Improve Your Conversation and Speeches, by Herbert V. Prochnow.
Copyright 1952, and published by Harper & Brothers, 49 East 33rd St., New York 16, N.Y.

"Done" is often used incorrectly in the sense of "finished," as "It will be an hour before I am done writing the lesson." It is better to say, "It will be an hour before I have finished writing the lesson."

***

"In connection with" is an overworked phrase. You may often substitute "on" or "about" for this phrase. It is better not to say, "Mr. Smith arranged an interview with Professor Jones in connection with John's grades." Substitute "about" for "in connection with."

***

"Except" should not be used for "unless." "Except" means to omit or leave out. You do not say, "I shall not buy the automobile except you give me seat covers." Use "unless" in place of "except."

When you "feel good," it means you feel happy, agreeable or even virtuous. When you "feel well," it means you are in good health.

***

It is better not to add "in" or "up" to the verb "start." Do not say, "When did you start in to play in the orchestra?"

***

"Cute" is another word that is carrying too big a load. It is sometimes used to mean clever, shrewd and sharp-witted. Webster's Collegiate Dictionary defines "cute" as meaning, "Attractive by reason of daintiness or picturesqueness, as a child." Too often we hear such expressions as "the cutest house," "the cutest boy friend" and "the cutest handbag." It would be a good idea to give "cute" a long rest.

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

Fee-Splitting Doctors: Menace to Health, *by Arch J. Beatty, M.D.*

Fee-splitting is a sinister and spreading medical racket, reports Dr. Beatty. Some surgeons literally buy their patients in order to perform surgery on them, and then divide the fee with the referring physician. Read this shocking exposé of a menace to our health and a doctor's recommendations for wiping it out.

What Is Right with American Women, *by Bernard Valery.*

Are American women less attractive, intelligent, moral and feminine than their European sisters? In this frank and provocative article, a Frenchman finds much that is "right with American women."

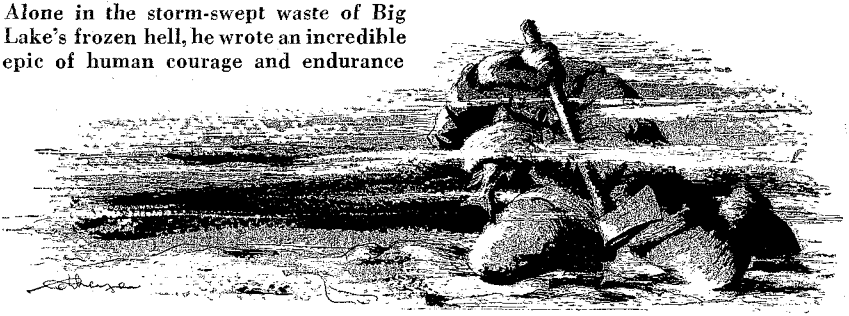
How to Save on Mortgage Money, *by Sam Shulsky.*

Two young couples bought identical $12,000 houses. Yet before actually owning their home, the first paid $14,656 while the second laid out $18,447. The $3,791 saving was due to intelligent mortgage financing. This article tells how you can keep your borrowing costs to a minimum by arranging the right kind of mortgage plan.

THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T DIE

by NORMAN CARLISLE

Alone in the storm-swept waste of Big Lake's frozen hell, he wrote an incredible epic of human courage and endurance



BY THE LURID LIGHT from a giant bonfire, an Army plane bumped to a stop on the rough temporary landing field near the icebound shores of Michigan's Straits of Mackinac. A tired pilot shook his head at waiting reporters.

"No living soul could stand it out there," he said. "I'm afraid we'll have to give up."

Soon, headlines proclaimed with grim finality: "All Hope Abandoned for Lost Man." And that, as far as the world was concerned, was the end of Lewis Sweet. For surely, no man floating helplessly on a flimsy cake of ice on Lake Michigan could be alive after days of storm and sub-zero weather.

But what no one knew was that, at the moment the world gave him up, the lost man was still alive. All alone, in an incredible epic of human courage and endurance, Lewis Sweet was living out a stirring answer to the ancient question, "How strong is the will to live?"

It was a terrible winter in northern Michigan that year of 1929, with giant 15-foot drifts piled high. But the men of these wind-swept shores are hardy souls, and not to be kept from a winter sport that brings them needed food.

The ice off Crane Island was dotted with tiny shanties. In each crouched a fisherman, waiting to thrust his spear at unwary fish that might appear under the ice-holes.

Lewis Sweet had been lucky that cold January morning. Perhaps that was his undoing. In any case, having speared one great trout, a stubborn resolve had come upon him to get another, which would mean extra food for his wife and children waiting at home.

He didn't heed the warning of

(Advertisement)

Some vacation problems

peculiar to women

Whether you are a "solid" vacationer or whether you take it in scraps and pieces and long week-ends, there are certain problems you must face *if you are a woman.* You know what these problems are! You know what we are talking about! . . . But do you know about a little product called Tampax (doctor-invented and very absorbent), which is used internally? By wearing this kind of monthly protection instead of the external type, a lot of your problems will vanish into thin air.

You can accept invitations with a light heart and without too much "calculating"—if you use Tampax. It will let you enjoy a freedom you haven't had since your girlhood days, because Tampax needs none of those belts and pins that constantly remind you of something unpleasant.

You can reduce your luggage if you travel by plane or close-packed convertible. You can even go on a bicycling tour, for Tampax is many, many times smaller than the external kind. A full month's supply may be carried in your purse, so you can be *always prepared.*

You can face your hostess with a calm conscience at such times, for Tampax presents no disposal difficulties, even with the unruly plumbing found in many summer cottages. Made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax comes to you in slender applicators — very neat, dainty and efficient.

You can appear on the beach in a close-fitting swim suit (wet *or* dry) with not a bulge or a wrinkle to betray your Tampax. Ditto in the scantiest play suit. Naturally! because it's worn internally! For the same reason, no odor or chafing is possible.

You can buy this Tampax at drug stores and notion counters everywhere. Make a note of the name—*Tampax.* Millions of women use it monthly. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

other fishermen who had studied the forbidding sky above Lake Michigan and were heading for shore. It was his judgment, too, that there was trouble brewing, but he felt there would be time.

Half an hour later he heard the dreaded sound of splitting ice. Terror gripped his heart, for he knew its meaning. Snatching up the trout, he lunged out of the shanty and ran with desperation toward shore.

But he was too late, for the shore shrank away from him as he ran, and he saw, between it and himself, an ominous stretch of black water. The cake of ice on which he stood was moving lakeward!

For a frantic moment Sweet considered jumping in and swimming for it, but common sense told him he would surely die in the icy water. Yet what else but death awaited him on the floe?

Grimly, Sweet reviewed his chances. The trembling cake of ice he was on must be watched every minute for the cracks he knew would develop. He must face whatever came; his only assets against the elements were his sturdy mackinaw, his heavy boots, his ax and the now frozen trout. There was a chance—a slim one—that the ice would grind ashore on one of the nearby islands.

SWEET BUILT himself a sheltering pile of snow, and waited. Hours later, through the swirling snow, he saw the vague outlines of land looming ahead. That should be Crane Island, a lonely spot with no inhabitants, no shelter. But it did have timber, and that meant fire. His hope was brief, for the floe bore off and went on past.

Again, in the dying light of the snow-blurred afternoon, he saw land, and paced the ice eagerly. For a time the floe moved steadily toward it, then suddenly veered off, and Sweet knew he must spend the night on his floating prison.

Crouched behind his shelter in the gathering darkness, he heard the ice boom and crack. There was barely time to seize his ax and his fish and leap across to the main floe.

He set to work to build a shelter of snow blocks. The wind was higher now, and colder, and Sweet knew that the desire to lie down and sleep was only the siren call of easy death. He made himself run up and down, beating his hands against his body, lying down a few minutes behind the snow pile, then forcing himself again to the agonizing motion that kept him alive.

In the thin gray dawn he came out of a doze to see a gigantic pile of ice blocks rumbling toward him. Leaping to his feet, he ran for his life. At the opposite edge of the floe he stopped and looked back.

What he saw warmed his chilled body with a sense of desperate excitement—for above him towered the dim outline of a lighthouse! His floe had crashed into it, creating the avalanche of broken ice.

Here was hope. Though the lighthouse was closed for the season, inside there might be food and fuel.

On numb feet he climbed toward the base of the tower and then stopped short. For what he saw was a ghastly mockery. The lighthouse was set atop a concrete crib more than 20 feet high, and the crib was coated with a thick sheath of ice.

For several despairing moments he stared at it, glittering hard and

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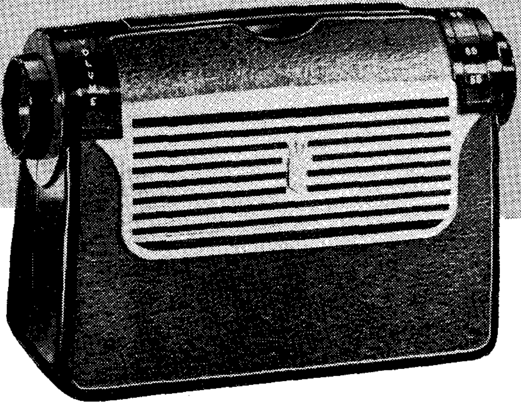

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glasslike in the morning light. Then slowly a message telegraphed itself to his brain. Somewhere under that ice was an iron-runged ladder. He must find it, chop the ice away and climb to warmth and safety.

The thought was not the product of reason, for reason told Lewis Sweet that it was madness to assault this hill of glass. It would be far easier to lie down and let the comforting numbness creep over him. But he set to work, chopping at the ice with his ax.

He shouted into the wind with joy when he sighted the first rung. He should have stopped then, run back and forth to restore some bit of life to the chunks of flesh that once were his feet. But he could think only of the ladder.

Slowly it took shape before him, rung after rung. Once . . . twice . . . how many times he didn't know, the ax slipped from his fingers and, crying with frustration, he stumbled down after it, then somehow climbed again.

There were just three rungs left when the ax slithered from his fingers again. Sweet went down after it—or fell down—and then sat weeping. He knew he could not possibly trust his frozen fingers to hold the ax. His tortured hours of work were useless.

Again he was tempted to give up, but again something stronger than himself focused his attention on the jumbled ice blocks about him. Blocks . . . steps . . . the thoughts linked in his mind and the numbness was forgotten as he plunged into a fury of activity.

There was an elemental, savage ingenuity in his device for reaching the top of that glazed wall. With the blocks that he could carry or push into place, he started to build a ramp of ice.

Sometimes the ice chunks slid away from him as the ax had done. One massive block fell on his feet, but he felt nothing. He was living in a timeless nightmare, a half-human automaton, alone in a world of ice.

Hours later, he crawled over the edge of the crib. His ax slashed open the door and he tumbled inside, to stay on his knees for a moment of thankfulness at what he saw there—a kerosene stove . . . food . . . protection from the icy winds. In a daze he got one of the stoves going, then fell on the bunk.

WHEN HE AWOKE, he lay staring about him in bewilderment. Morning light was streaming into the lonely room; he had slept nearly 24 hours.

Only after he had cooked a hasty meal to satisfy the hunger gnawing at him after two days without food, did he stop to consider the brutal reality of his situation. He had escaped the ice, but now he was a prisoner on a tiny concrete island.

The White Shoals light, which would have been a superb rescue signal, was dismantled for the season. Any other light could hardly reach the 12 miles to shore.

Yet help he must have, and fast, for his feet were covered with blisters and it was screaming agony even to touch them. He knew what happened to men with feet frozen that badly. Gangrene, and death, were not far ahead.

While he sat brooding, he heard a whisper of sound that sent him stumping painfully toward the iron

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stairs leading up to the lens room. The roar of the plane grew louder as he struggled upward, but he was too late. The plane, which had come directly over the lighthouse, had disappeared. Hours later, Sweet heard the engine again, but this time he could not even make the stairs.

Next day no planes came, and the doomed man in the lighthouse knew that the searchers had given him up. Wise in the cruel ways of the Lake, they would know that there was no hope for a man gone three days.

Friday and Saturday nights passed, and it seemed like the end for Lewis Sweet. Yet on Sunday morning, his fierce will to live drove him to a desperate decision. Colder weather had frozen the network of watercourses between the ice packs. Somehow he would walk to land!

Pulling on heavy woolen socks over feet too swollen to permit wearing shoes, Sweet took his ax (and, for some reason he never quite knew, that frozen trout), stumbled down his ramp of ice and started across the white waste. He could walk only a few steps at a time, and when he looked back he could see a bloody trail that marked his inching progress. When his feet could stand no more, he crawled.

Some instinct seemed to lead him to a deserted fisherman's shanty off Sturgeon Bay which contained an ancient stove, a can of coffee and a can of milk. It was all he could do to make some coffee and tumble into a bunk.

In the morning, when he tried to get up, he fell back violently nauseated. All that day, and the next night, he lay there in a delirious stupor.

Yet, when the morning sun struck his face, the man in the bunk sat up. He wasn't licked yet. With a last desperate effort he forced himself to crawl out onto the ice.

That noon, a fisherman from Cross Island who had been leading the search for Sweet, stopped as a gaunt, bearded apparition with an ax in one hand, a great frozen trout in the other, dragged itself up from the Lake. Exactly one week after his disappearance, Lewis Sweet had come back alive!

In the hospital at Petoskey, physicians examined the man who should have been dead and found that, amazingly, parts of his hands and feet could be saved.

How had he done it? Some said it was "sheer magnificent courage," others that it was an astounding example of the will to live. Lewis Sweet himself could never really answer the question. "It was a miracle," was all he would ever say about his incredible escape from death on the Big Lake.

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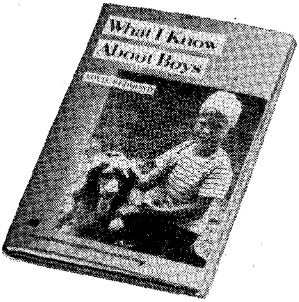

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